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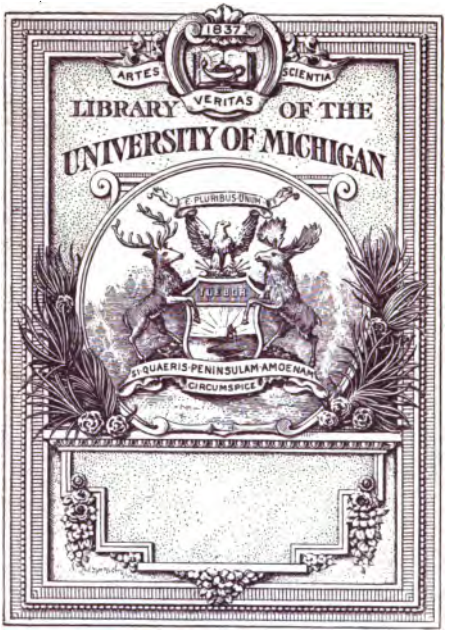
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SECOND.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

YOUNG.

VOLUME III.

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171833

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL Survey of the NOCTURNAL Heavens.
II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

" —Fatis contraria fata rependens." VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour loſt;
Then chears his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where *diſappointment* ſmiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where, future wandering baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,

I chace the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſooths our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and *death's* dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canſt thou, O *Night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!
Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Though far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.
Has not the Muſe aſſerted *pleaſures pure*,
Like thoſe above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if, beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmile 's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in *body* call for aid; the ſick
In *mind* are covetous of more diſeaſe;
And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well*.
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature's* bluſh by *cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love;
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet),

And

And throw aſide our *ſenſes* with our *peace*.
But grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unſully'd ſhone;
Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy ſight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its ſables wove by *deſtiny*;
And *that* in ſorrow bury'd; *this*, in ſhame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conſcience*, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the laſt *year's* ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With luſtre, and with noiſe! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his ſated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Though in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As *mauſoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profeſt diverſions!* cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;

And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: how like gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The *moiſt* of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins ſpread: man's *death*

Inhabits

Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *death!* I ſtretch my view: what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſpering faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the *wiſe*, and prancings of the *great*.
But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames.
But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.

For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime miniſters of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When heaven's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.
Seeſt thou, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height

Out-

Out-burns Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her plowſhare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other *ſun!*—A ſun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlem! how unlike the Man,
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet *He* it is;
That Man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heaven deſcends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In nature's courſe; the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *this* awakes
The moſt ſupine; *this* ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardour wings her flight.

I find my inſpiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my ſubject is my Muſe.
At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood; Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? How? From whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* roſe from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.

At

At *thought* of thee!—and art thou *abſent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: deputed conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *ſure*.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *void* judgment paſs?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſert that God in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heaven!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,

As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the Judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd:
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.
'Tis *preſent* to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *gueſs*

The

The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the *proceſs*, and the *place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may *man* enquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, Where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity?*
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their powers ally'd,
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this faſt fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at One call, upſtarted from One bed,
Preſt in One croud, appall'd with One amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time's* offspring, *Death*, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Aweful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,

How

How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* ſmile.

For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the *comet's* blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: What enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Through deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.

Then,

Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* roſe,
To ſee *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely cloſ'd!
To ſee the mighty *dramatiſt's* laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd God, a God *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *knots*; to ſtrike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe!
And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.

What then am I?—

Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and *complains?*
Cenſure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *myſelf*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*; by God ordain'd or done;

And

And who, but God, reſum'd the friends *He* gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, ſo long?
Complaining of his *favours*; *pain*, and *death*?
Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from *pain*; all puniſhment,
To make for *peace*; and death to ſave from *death*;
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.
Heaven gives us friends to bleſs the *preſent* ſcene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All diſcipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs: We *ſin*, or we *miſtake*;
And *nature* tax, when falſe *opinion* ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidſt *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conqueſt; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights

Heaven, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As *night* to ſtars, *woe* luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that ſtands the Northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs *muſt* prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I 'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a *man*;
Who thinks *it is*, ſhall never be a *God*.
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
What ſpoke *proud paſſion?*—"* Wiſh my being loſt?"
Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is—That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be—*what?* Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by heaven's redundant love,

Made

* Referring to the Firſt Night.

Made half-adorable itſelf, adore;
And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is Man.
No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *ſecure*.
Ills?—there are none: *All-gracious!* none from *thee*;
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by *madneſs* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Firſt barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whoſe threats are *mercies*, whoſe injunctions, *guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, *reaſon's* choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, *unavoidable reſults*
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* ſurvey'd,

Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *theſe*, on which to build our truſt!
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Or this alone—"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to ſoften *cenſure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh *grief's* Complaint,
Who like a *demon*, murmuring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!
For *all* I bleſs thee; moſt, for the *ſevere*;
* *Her* death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholſome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's ſweet hallelujahs in thy praiſe,
Great Source of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gehenna,* Save.
Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *ſolaces*, and *ſhines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praiſe.
The *winter* is as needful as the *ſpring*;
The *thunder*, as the ſun; a ſtagnate maſs
Of vapours breeds a peſtilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying ſtorms;
The dread Volcano miniſters to good.
Its ſmother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly ſcann'd;

* Lucia.

And, in their uſe, *eclipſes* learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for *ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt, "*That my heart has bled.*"
'Tis heaven's laſt effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bleſs, heaven quits us in deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which *reaſon* ends.
May heaven ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such ſmiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from exceſs.
My change of *heart* a change of *ſtyle* demands;
The Conſolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
And when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by view;

And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Though ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The Muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *ſorrow* ſeen
In human ways; and much of *falſe* and *vain*;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miſs.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *ſource of joy*;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*: in *few*, to cloſe the whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-ſtroke,
Of *moſt* our weakneſs needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or proſpect of the *ſkies*.
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd: theſe thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers' ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepherd chear'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal ſilence! where ſhall I begin?
Where end? Or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! *day's* elder-born!

And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heaven throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*nature's* moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O man! *ſo worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful?* What ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, His face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has *here* a previous ſcene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our ſpirits are inlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of *heaven*.
Heaven's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates bliſs;
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void,

The

The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres;
While of thy works *material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong,
Looſe me from *earth's* incloſure, from the *ſun's*
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to control,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the *ſun*
Be ſeen at *midnight*, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whoſe heart,
Whoſe *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy proſperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou *ſtranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *nature's* univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;

And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
Of *falſe* ambition if unchain'd, we 'll mount;
We 'll, *innocently*, ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *ſtars*;
A theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtrued omens of the ſky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy ſoul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of *earth's* unwholſome air,
Will bloſſom *here*; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardours; every power unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *ſhine*. At *nature's* birth,
Thus their commiſſion ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The *Stars* will light thee; though the *Moon* ſhould fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more aſtray!

In

* Night the Eighth.

In ways immoral? The *Stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counſel, ſet thee right.
This proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And every ſtudent of the *Night* inſpires.
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *Radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I 'll point out to thee
Its various leſſons; ſome that may ſurprize
An un-adept in myſteries of Night;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* ſchool,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on ſtar.
Bulls, lions, ſcorpions, monſters here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts *indeed*;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here?*—Th' exiſtence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of Æther! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the ſkies.
And whoſe eternity?—Lorenzo! *Thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* ſprings the ſovereign cure
Of almoſt every vice; but chiefly *Thine*;
Wrath, *Pride*, *Ambition*, and *impure Deſire*.
Lorenzo! Thou canſt wake at midnight too,
Though not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition*, *Pleaſure!*
Thoſe tyrants I for Thee ſo * lately fought,

* Night the Eighth.

Afford their haraſs'd ſlaves but ſlender reſt.
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the ſun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt ſtage and ſtage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
To yonder ſtars: For other ends they ſhine,
Than to light revellers from ſhame to ſhame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*;
Our *reaſon* rouſe, and lead it to that power,
Whoſe love lets down theſe ſilver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himſelf*,
And bind our *chaſte affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, leaſt alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heaven's coaſt with moſt applauſe,
An *humble*, *pure*, and *heavenly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inſpir'd:—And canſt thou gaze too long?
Nor ſtands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its repooof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each ſyſtem repreſent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;

Sweet

Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs *conſcious* being,
Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf:
Thus man his *ſovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercilious race,
Thou moſt inflammable! Thou waſp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inſpected*, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry ſpheres;
'Tis *nature's* ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celeſtial diſcord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat?—For what—a *clod*,
An inch of *earth*? The *planets* cry, "Forbear,"
They chace our double darkneſs; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our *intellectual* night.
And ſee, *day's* amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,

Which

Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkneſs, like a fjy;
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, This moment, feel;
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wiſe!)
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! This diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night *Ten thouſand* ſhine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns un-numbered, down the ſteep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offſpring of Omnipotence!

Inanimate,

Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe *Divine!*—But though man, drown'd in ſleep,
With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In This His univerſal temple hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher!* O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night!*
Devotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
An *undevout* aſtronomer is *mad*.
True; All things ſpeak a God; but in the ſmall,
Men trace out *Him*; in great, *He* ſeizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in diſdain
Of limit built! built in the taſte of heaven!
Vaſt concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not ſo; That thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy *lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *profound*,
And ſtreightens thy *diffuſive*; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an *Orrery*.

But

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſplofion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd æther's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurprizing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *ſenſe*;
For, ſure, to *ſenſe*, they truly are divine;
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.
But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, Lorenzo! Thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent, are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide
All meaſure in His work; ſtretch'd out His line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?

Then

Then (as He took delight in wide extremes),
Deep in the bosom of His universe,
Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.
Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *mysteries* descend
From *un-mysterious?* Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than Created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.
Could we conceive *Him*, God He could not be;
Or *He* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's distance how immense! On *such* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And every star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this coft of heaven,
If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.

How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!

Has

Has the Great Sovereign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, *He* reſides above them All,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reaſon*, or a God adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to *ſee*:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks *ſmall* learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk injoins: She gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! Not the God alone,
I ſee His *Miniſters*; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,

In

In heavenly liveries, diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſtening to catch the Maſter's leaſt command,
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Chriſtian!* O'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel, to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? That nobler ſon,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the ſkies
Inform us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much, in *Excellence*, above mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thouſand demigods deſcend
On every beam we ſee, to walk with men.
Aweful reflection! Strong reſtraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe ethereal glories *Senſe* ſurveys.
Something, like magic, ſtrikes from this blue vault;
With juſt attention is it view'd? We feel
A ſudden ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of *Man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſarts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound

Of

Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* ſtructure, or the ſcoop of *Time*;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n *Theſe* an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n *Theſe* infuſe.—But what of vaſt in *Theſe?*
Nothing;—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in *Art.*—Vain *Art!* Thou pigmy power!
How doſt thou ſwell and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy watery columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *Capitals!* or Thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
Yet *Theſe* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from This the Deity has built?
A *Good Man* ſeen, though ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe:
In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to ſay, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?*"

And yet, ſo thwarted nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill *darker* by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *Plots*, and foul *Conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—Suppreſs it? or proclaim?—
Why *ſleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſterous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight.
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *ſcreen* them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and *wiſer* make the *Wiſe*.

Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent

In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermin of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe antient ſages, *Human* ſtars! They met
Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counſel aſk'd; and, what they aſk'd, *obey'd*.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, He who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and He of Tuſculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded, and Elyſian, walks,
An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men,
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
By Seraphs trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright footſteps here below;
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themſelves*.
Through *various Virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illuſtrious lives.
In *Chriſtian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer! as much
Our *Ardour* Leſs, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monſtrous This in *Morals!* Scarce more ſtrange
Would this *Phænomenon* in nature ſtrike,
A Sun, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
What taught theſe heroes of the moral world?
To theſe thou giv'ſt thy *Praiſe*, give *Credit* too.

Theſe

Theſe doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taſte.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to miſery:
That, wiſe it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *Virtue*, roſe from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The ſingle baſe of *Virtue* built to heaven:
That God, and *Nature*, our attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the glaſs reflecting God,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his ſphere:
That, *Mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
That, *boundleſs Mind* affects a *boundleſs Space*:
That vaſt ſurveys, and the ſublime of things,
The ſoul aſſimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; *ſuch* the *Night* inſpir'd.

And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies;
Delightful outlet of her priſon *Here!*
There, diſincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large,
There, freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let looſe all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, graſp at ſomething great.
Nor, as a ſtranger, does ſhe wander there;
But, wonderful herſelf, through wonder ſtrays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,

And, like a maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the ſoul
Grows conſcious of her birth celeſtial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herſelf *at home* amongſt the ſtars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praiſe.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As *Earth* the body, ſince, the *Skies* ſuſtain
The ſoul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble paſture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, The Garden of the Deity,
Bloſſom'd with ſtars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambroſial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, The breaſt-plate of the true High-prieſt,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* aſtrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble ſenſe,
In which *alone* ſtars govern human fates.
O that the *Stars* (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And reſcued *Monarchs* from ſo black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wiſh how generous in a foe!
Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a God,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,
For mighty conqueſts on a needle's point?
Inſtead of forging chains for *foreigners*,

Baſtile

Baſtile thy *Tutor*: Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is: how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of man,
When in it all the ſtars, and planets, roll!
And what it *ſeems*, it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more Godlike, as *Theſe* more divine.
And *more* divine than *Theſe*, thou canſt not ſee.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous ſplendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradiſe *unloſt*!
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life*!
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taſte;
No *Flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here*;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.
Lorenzo! much of *Moral* haſt thou ſeen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* glories of the ſkies,
In number, weight, and meaſure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boaſted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finiſh his aërial towers;
Wiſdom and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impreſs; and claim it for their own.
Though ſplendid all, no ſplendor void of uſe;
Uſe rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton waſte, amid effuſe expence;
The great Oeconomiſt adjuſting all

To prudent pomp, magnificently wife.
How rich the proſpect! and for ever new!
And *neweſt* to the man that views it *moſt*;
For newer ſtill in infinite ſucceeds.
Then, theſe aërial racers, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
Spirit alone can diſtance the career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel, within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion or a dream;
Though *ſeen*, we labour to believe it *true!*
What involution! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth!* immenſely great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
What, then, the wondrous *Space* through which they
roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
'Tis comprehenſion's abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Through this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! How ſoon are they diſſolv'd
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!

In motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
To ſilence, by the preſence of their Lord;
Or huſh'd by *His* command, in love to man;
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cœrulean plain,
In exultation to *Their* God, and *Thine*,
They dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *His* praiſe:
But, ſince their *Song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerleſs power.
Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
To *Gods*, how great! how legible to *Man!*
Leaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than *Atlantean* ſhoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what ſtrange art,
A fluid air theſe ponderous orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And ſo they are; in the high will of heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Nought of all; if *ſuch* the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all toſt into the ſea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,

Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft;
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame part, with greater ſkill,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts moſt ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The Godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundleſs *Space*, through which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter thought
Of boundleſs *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* ſkill,
To man un-labour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *Sight*:

And

And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The *Stars*, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *inſults*, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To *diſappoint* it?—That is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as the exiſtence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.
He, wiſe as *Thou*, no *Creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperior to the charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants ſhe power
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on *Earth's* infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?

Nay

Nay, and to what thou valueſt more, *Earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unſeen*,
And defecate from *Senſe*, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence un-deflower'd;
The *Life* of life, the *Zeſt* of worldly bliſs:
All elſe on earth amounts—to what? To *This*:
"Bad to be *Suffer'd*; bleſſings to be *Left*:"
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher ſcenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there 's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-prunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleaſure, ſo *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame *Manna*, mingle earth and heaven.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage), 't were not abſurd
To doubt, if beams, ſet out at *Nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world;
Though nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever*: who can ſatiate ſight
In *ſuch* a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boaſt thy boundleſs might

In

In conqueſt o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *Miracle?*—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit ſatire, on mankind;
And while it *ſatisfies*, it *cenſures* too.
To common ſenſe, great *Nature's* courſe proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls aſleep,
A *Miracle* is ſent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *ſtrong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal?*
To *make* a ſun, or *ſtop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted *Eaſt*,
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft, flowery vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater, to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;—reſiſtleſs is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous ſurvey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* ſeen,
If ſeen with *human* eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of *Nature* governs all?"

The

The *Courſe* of *Nature* is the *Art* of God.
The miracles thou call'ſt for, *This* atteſt;
For ſay, could *Nature Nature's* courſe control?
But, miracles apart, who ſees Him not,
Nature's Controler, Author, Guide, and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But muſt inquire—" What hand behind the ſcene,
" What arm Almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
" In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
" Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
" Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound,
" Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,
" Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
" And ſet the boſom of *Old Night* on fire?
" Peopled her deſart, and made horror ſmile?"
Or, if the military ſtyle delights thee,
(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
" Who marſhals this bright hoſt? enrolls their names?
" Appoints their poſts, their marches, and returns,
" Punctual, at ſtated periods? who diſbands
" Theſe veteran troops, their final duty done,
" If e'er diſbanded?"—He, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their powers
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining theſe,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,

When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time!* Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since *You*, and years, roll on, though man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *Wisdom*; now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen *Appetite*, and passion, spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose *Folly* would undo what *Age* has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, Thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an *Index* fair as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read

The

The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time*, *Eternity*!
('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it *is*;
And let *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
When shall I see far more than charms me now?
Gaze on creation's model in *Thy* breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
That travel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *Apotheosis* in Thee?
Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy *dead devotion* * was my point;
And how I bless *night's* consecrating shades,
Which to a *temple* turn an *universe*;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!
O what a genius must inform the skies!

And

* Page 22.

And is Lorenzo's ſalamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred fires?
O ye nocturnal ſparks! ye glowing embers,
On heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears; aſſiſt my ſong;
Pour your whole influence; exorciſe his heart,
So long poſſeſt; and bring him back to *man*.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer *ſtill*?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths, which, conteſted, put thy *parts* to ſhame.
Nor ſhame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,
A *faithleſs* heart, how deſpicably ſmall!
Too ſtreight, aught great, or generous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self!*
And ſelf-miſtaken! ſelf, that laſts an hour!
Inſtincts and *paſſions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie ſuffocated there; or *they* alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To raviſh'd thought, that *intellectual* ſphere,
Where, *order*, *wiſdom*, *goodneſs*, *providence*,
Their endleſs miracles of love diſplay,
And promiſe all the truly-great deſire.
The mind that would be *happy*, muſt be *great*;
Great, in its *wiſhes*; great, in its *ſurveys*.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Puſh out its corrugate, expanſive make,
Which, ere long, *more* than planets ſhall embrace.
A man of *compaſs* makes a man of *worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.

As

As man was made for glory, and for bliſs,
All littleneſs is in approach to woe;
Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happineſs*;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees;—
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy diſtreſs! how cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by *nature*, the proud ſceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, ſure captive of belief!
From this thy bleſt captivity, what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon, ſets thee free!
This ſcene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in theſe ambient orbs,
But, faith in God impos'd, and preſs'd on man?
Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſperate *cauſe*,
Spite of theſe numerous, awful, *witneſſes*,
And doubt the *depoſition* of the ſkies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To ſink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wiſdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.

Some

Some wiſh they *did*; but *no* man *diſbelieves*.
God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material organs; God by man
As much is ſeen, as *man* a God can ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Concertion of deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! conſent to general good!—
Each attribute of theſe *material* gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious pleas) ador'd,
A ſeparate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may ſeem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a *ſimple* proof
Of this great maſter moral of the ſkies,
Unſkill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it *there?*
Since 'tis the baſis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof inſiſts on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the *world* ſhut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy *ſenſes*;—let no *paſſion* ſtir;—
Wake all to *reaſon*;—let *her* reign alone;
Then, in thy *ſoul's* deep ſilence, and the depth
Of *Nature's* ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and ſhall inquire no more.

In nature's channel, thus the queſtions run.
" What am I? and from *whence?*—I nothing know,
" But that I *am*; and, ſince I *am*, conclude
" Something *eternal*: had there e'er been *nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *eternal* there *muſt* be.—
" But *what* eternal?—Why not *human race?*
" And Adam's anceſtors without an end?—
" That 's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince every link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
" Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole?*
" Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence *earth*, and theſe bright *orbs?*—*Eternal* too?
" Grant *matter* was eternal; ſtill theſe *orbs*
" Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
" *Deſign* implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
" *That* can't be from *themſelves*—or *man*; *that* art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
" And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.—
" Who, *motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
" Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute *matter's* reſtive lump aſſume
" Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
" Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable right
" To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
" Has matter *none?* Then whence theſe glorious forms
" And boundleſs flights, from *ſhapeleſs*, and *repos'd?*
" Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
" Judgment,

" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
" In *mathematics?* Has it fram'd *ſuch* laws,
" Which but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?--1480
" If ſo, how each *ſage* atom laughs at me,
" Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man!*
" If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
" And that with greater far, than human ſkill;
" Reſides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.—1485
" Grant, then, inviſible, eternal, Mind;
" *That* granted, all is ſolv'd.—But, granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
" A being without origin, or end!— 1490
" Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
" Yet, why? On either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
" Subſiſt it *muſt*, in God, or *human race*;
" If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
" Indiſſoluble all?—Why chuſe it *there*, 1495
" Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
" Reject it, where, *that* choſen, all the reſt
" Diſpers'd, leave *reaſon's* whole horizon clear?
" This is not reaſon's dictate; *reaſon* ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where *one* grain turns the ſcale; 1500
" What vaſt preponderance is here! can reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim—*Believe a* God?
" And *reaſon* heard, is the ſole mark of man.
" What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
" On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange 1505
" To *diſbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,

Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whoſe providential care
Through theſe bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of *nature* univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant *earth!* Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The ſuburbs of Creation? Where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? Nothing's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *infinite*, no more?
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays, to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
"I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
"The work accompliſh'd; the creation clos'd:
"Shout, all ye gods! nor ſhout ye gods alone;
"Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
"That reſts, or rolls, ye heights, and depths reſound!
"Reſound! reſound! ye depths, and heights, reſound!
Hard are thoſe queſtions!—Anſwer *harder* ſtill.
Is *this* the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of *power divine?*

Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant *ſpace?*
Has *He* not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark bowels burſt
Of *night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe *giant-generations*, which diſport,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that *abyſs of horror*, whence they ſprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival *creation* raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *nature* both the womb, and grave!
Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant?*—No; this is *juſt*;
Juſt, in *conjecture*, though 't were falſe in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the Moſt-High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?—
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do?*
Nothing, but *quite impoſſible* is *hard*.
He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole *creation*, and a ſingle *grain*.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!
A thouſand worlds? there 's ſpace for millions more;
And in what ſpace can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts, as ſwell our hearts

With fuller admiration of *that power*,
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to ſwell?
Why not indulge in *His* augmented praiſe?
Darts not *His* glory a ſtill brighter ray,
The leſs is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* ſtrays aghaſt;
And, though moſt *talkative*, makes no *report*.
Still ſeems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience 'ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief.
Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us in the deep diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun *nature*, exquiſitely *ſmall*,
And, though *demonſtrated*, ſtill *ill-conceiv'd*?
If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation *poiſe*?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme;
What is too great, if we the *cauſe* ſurvey?
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I Am, thy name! *exiſtence*, all *thine own!*
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if ſtyl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of God.*"
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in *ſuch* aſcent,
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map

Of

Of univerſal *nature*, as a ſpeck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far outſhone?
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an *Iſle*, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice, in the *vaſt* of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of *un-built* ſpace
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs *northern*, leſs remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
Yet why drown *fancy* in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is *ſeen*?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch, from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *He* alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond this *city*, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!

One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is *inſtruction*, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Though ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praiſe.
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has ſhe thoſe,
Who neither *praiſe* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the *moon* one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
Walking in brightneſs; or her train ador'd.
Their *ſublunary* rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; *ſtars* malign,
Which made the fond *aſtronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs

All ſacrifice! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine Inſtructor! Thy *firſt* volume, *this*,
For *man's* peruſal; all in Capitals!
In *moon*, and *ſtars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *underſtand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Chriſtian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to Mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his huſk, ſtrike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that ſpeaks!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *ſacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the ſkies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his firſt leſſon *there*,
And ſcripture ſelf a *fragment*, *that* unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom, to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by Thee.
By Thee *much* open'd, I confeſs, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wiſh; but *how* ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whoſe modeſt, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say, thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—And ſhew
The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong

Theſe rich *regalia* pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I ſearch on every ſide—
O for a glimpſe of Him my ſoul adores!
As the chac'd hart, amid the deſart waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream; for Him who made her,
So pants the thirſty ſoul, amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, goddeſs! where?
Where blazes *His* bright court? Where burns *His* throne?
Thou know'ſt; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand pavilion, ſacred fame reports
The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where *He* dwells?
A *ſtar* His dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!
On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find *Him?*
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant ſcale,
From ſphere to ſphere; the ſteps by nature ſet
For man's aſcent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *Great* Goal of all.
In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd *earth* recedes;

I paſs

I paſs the *moon*; and, from her farther ſide,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; ſtrike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the ſubtil ſage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celeſtial* lengthens *human* ſight.
I pauſe at every *planet* on my road,
And aſk for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *earths* an army might be loſt,
With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe *ſovereign* glories of the ſkies,
Of independent, native luſtre, proud;
The ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires!—What behold I *now?*
A wilderneſs of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* ſuns inhabit *higher* ſpheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of deſcending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake;
The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* ſought
For aid, to *reaſon* ſets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*)
O where, Lorenzo! muſt the Builder dwell?
Pauſe, then; and, for a moment, here reſpire—
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I?—Where is *earth?*—Nay, where art Thou,
O *ſun?*—Is the ſun turn'd recluſe?—And are
His boaſted expeditions ſhort to *mine?*—

To

To *mine*, how ſhort! On nature's Alps I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So *much* a ſtranger, and ſo *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not enquire,
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, un-terreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, *untranſlated*, never ſtray'd?
" O ye, as diſtant from my little home,
" As ſwifteſt ſun-beams in an age can fly!
" Far from my native element I roam,
" In queſt of new, and wonderful, to man.
" What province This, of *His* immenſe domain,
" Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
" Ye borderers on the coaſts of bliſs! what are you?
" A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
" By frequent viſit from heaven's neighbouring realms,
" To ſecondary gods, and half divine?—
" Whate'er your nature, *this* is paſt diſpute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of God!
" But ſay, *what* thought? is *reaſon* here inthron'd,
" And abſolute? or *ſenſe* in arms againſt her?
" Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd?*
" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had your Eden an abſtemious Eve?
" *Our* Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And aſk their Adams—" *Who would not be wiſe?*"
" Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd?*

" And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *ſcorn'd?*
" Is This your final reſidence? if not,
" Change you your ſcene, *tranſlated?* or by *death?*
" And if by *death*; *what death?*---Know you *diſeaſe?*
" Or horrid *war?*—With war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
" Where kings run mad). In *Our* world, Death deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the work of *Age*;
" And, hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
" Sends forth *Imperial* butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before),
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
" Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
" With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god?*
" And *bloodſhed* waſh out every other ſtain?—
" But You, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter groſs
" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun Æther, privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man! How few of human race
" By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
" Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
" Raw candidates at ſchool? And have you thoſe
" Who diſaffect *Reverſions*, as with *Us?*—
" But what are *We?* You never heard of *Man*;
" Or *Earth*, the *Bedlam* of the univerſe!
" Where *Reaſon* (un-diſeas'd with You) runs mad,
" And nurſes *Folly's* children as *her own*;

" Fond

" Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
" Of *Holineſs*, where reaſon is pronounc'd
" *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a god;
" Ev'n *there*, by *Saints*, the Dæmons are outdone;
" What *Theſe* think wrong, our *Saints* refine to right;
" And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
" Satan, inſtructed, o'er their *morals* ſmiles.—
" But *This*, how ſtrange to You, who know not *Man!*
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
" Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
" Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere in his deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal Æther, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O! that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd *Earth* with footſteps foul'd in hell;
" Nor waſh'd in *Ocean*, as from Rome he paſt
" To Britain's iſle; *too*, *too*, conſpicuous *There?*"

But this is all digreſſion: where is He,
That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? Where is He,
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He, Whom, while man is *Man*, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth!* or bleſt *Above!*
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your Great Maſter's orb? His planets, where?

Thoſe

Thoſe *conſcious* Satellites, thoſe *Morning-ſtars*,
Firſt-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Awe'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *ſerene*;
Paſt thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!—And on what
High errands ſent?—Here *human* effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to *His* throne.

Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road.
Born in an age more Curious than Devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
Who worſhip God, ſhall *find* him. Humble *Love*,
And not proud *Reaſon*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud *Science* fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart;
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy *Above*;

Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is *ſeen* in All!
In *Man!* in *Earth!* in more amazing *Skies!*
Teaching this leſſon, *Pride* is loth to learn—
"Not *deeply* to *diſcern*, not *much* to *know*,
"Mankind was born to Wonder, and Adore."
And is there cauſe for higher *wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! This;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe;
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through every ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of *reaſon*, which to *virtues* riſe
Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies.
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage *boaſt*,
And *triumph* in proſtration to The Throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars?
Æthereal journeys, and, diſcover'd there,

To

Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout,
All *Nature* ſending incenſe to The Throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of Our ſphere?
Opening the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muſe—Here turn we, and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſchape wide:—Then ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
" O what a Father!—What a Family!
" Worlds! ſyſtems! and creations!—And creations,
" In one agglomerated cluſter, hung,
" *Great Vine! On Thee, on Thee the cluſter hangs;
" The filial cluſter! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for *who* can ſay enough?)
" A conſtellation of ten thouſand gems,
" (And, O! of what dimenſion! of what weight!)
" Set in one *Signet*, flames on the right hand
" Of Majeſty Divine! The *blazing Seal*,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created *mind*,
" Indelible, *His* ſovereign attributes,
" Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, paſſing bound:
" And *This*, ſurpaſſing That. Nor ſtop we *Here*,

* John xv. 1.

" For want of *Power* in God, but *Thought* in Man.
" Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in debt:
" If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is Thine,
" Dread Sire!—Accept this *Miniature* of Thee;
" And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
" In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd.
How ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's *Power*,
And ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's *Plan*,
(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fulneſs of the Deity breaks forth
In *Inconceivables* to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* muſt *Man* deſcend, when *Gods* adore!
Have I not, then, accompliſh'd my proud boaſt?
Did I not tell thee, " * We would mount, Lorenzo!
" And kindle our devotion at the *Stars?*"
And have I *fail'd?* And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And doſt confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile?*
Lorenzo! *Mirth* how miſerable *here!*
Swear by the *Stars*, by Him who made them, ſwear,
Thy heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as *They:*
Then *Thou*, like *Them*, ſhalt *ſhine*; like *Them*, ſhalt *ri*
From low to lofty; from obſcure to bright;
By due gradation, *Nature's* ſacred law.
The *Stars*, from whence?—Aſk *Chaos*—He can tell.
Theſe bright temptations to idolatry,
From *Darkneſs*, and *Confuſion*, took their birth;
So

* Page 22.

Sons of *Deformity!* from fluid dregs
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to maſſes rude;
And then, to ſpheres opaque; Then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect day.*
Nature delights in progreſs; in advance
From worſe to better: but, when *Minds* aſcend,
Progreſs, in part, depends upon *themſelves.*
Heaven aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* Little leſſens more.
O be a *Man!* and thou ſhalt be a *God!*
And *Half Self-made!*—Ambition how divine!
O Thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? Unkindled?—Though high-taught,
School'd by the ſkies, and pupil of the ſtars;
Rank coward to the faſhionable world!
Art thou *aſham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curſt fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in *Religion* is man's higheſt praiſe.
Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets *deſpair.*
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night,*
Amid her glimmering tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad *Sin* makes the darken'd ſoul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Though blind of heart, ſtill open is thine eye:
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?

Of *Fortune*; then the morſel of *Deſpair*.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What 's *Vice?*—Mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of *Common-ſenſe*.
How art thou whooted, where the *Leaſt* prevails!
Is it *my* fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool?*
And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, ſtand thy Friend?
And art thou *ſtill* an inſect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee through all
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a God,
Through ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to The Throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *gall?*
To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy, *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms!*
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as ſhort? And doſt thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,

Conſcience

Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O thou moſt Aweful Being; and moſt Vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread Eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and woe, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is This the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! No: it cannot,—*ſhall* not, be,
If there is force in *Reaſon*; or, in *Sounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *ſlumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Through ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend—The ſacred myſteries begin----
My ſolemn *Night-born* adjuration hear;
Hear, and I 'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the *ſtars* gaze on this inchantment *new*:
Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!
" By *Silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
" By *Darkneſs*, Guilt's inevitable doom;
" By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, ſiſters dread!
" That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
" By Night, and all of aweful, night preſents
" To *Thought* or *Senſe* (of aweful much, to both,
" The goddeſs brings)! By theſe her trembling *Fires*,
" Like Veſta's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!

" By theſe bright orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
" And preſs thee to revere, the Deity;
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
" To reach *his* throne; as *ſtages* of the ſoul,
" Through which, at different periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at every ſphere!
" By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!
" By the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort ambition's *zenith* ſet for ever;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom!
" By the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this evening knell,
" Which midnight waves in *fancy's* ſtartled eye;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries,
" Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human
" thought!
" By thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee—wert thou ſo wiſe to hear!
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
" The monarch's *terror!* and the ſexton's *trade!*
" By pompous obſequies that ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
" Boaſt of our *ruin!* triumph of our *duſt!*
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
" And the pale lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" *More* ghaſtly, through the thick incumbent gloom!
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,

" The

" The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grave!
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
" For the grave's ſhelter! By deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
" By guilt's laſt audit! By yon *moon* in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great nature's knell!
" By Second *chaos*; and Eternal *night*"—
Be wiſe—Nor let Philander blame my *charm*;
But own not ill diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; *duty* to the dead.
For know I'm but executor; *he* left
This moral legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command; Philander hear in me;
And heaven in both.—If deaf to theſe, Oh! hear
Florello's tender voice; *his* weal depends
On *thy* reſolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For *his* ſake—love *thyſelf*: example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a *bad* example more;
More ſtill a father's; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gaveſt?
Is *this* the bleſſing of ſo fond a father?
If careleſs of Lorenzo! ſpare, Oh! ſpare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let *paſſion* do, what *nobler motive* ſhould;

Let

Let *love*, and *emulation*, riſe in aid
To *reaſon*; and perſuade thee to be---bleſt.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt *hopeleſs*, man can make to man.
Shall I then riſe, in argument, and warmth?
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?-----
But Oh! I faint! My ſpirits fail!---Nor ſtrange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd:
And *calls*---but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lips, and *promiſes*
My long arrear of reſt; the *downy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
Will *pay*, ere long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence *ſorrow* never chac'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous viſions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, reſt;
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till *ſickneſs* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?

—"THOU

——" THOU only know'ſt,
" Thou, whoſe broad eye the *future*, and the *paſt*,
" Joins to the *preſent*; making one of *three*
" To moral thought! Thou know'ſt, and Thou alone,
" All-knowing--! all-unknown!--and yet well-known!
" Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!
" And, though inviſible, for ever ſeen!
" And ſeen in all! the *great* and the *minute*:
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flower, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
" To the firſt thought, that aſks, "*From whence?*"
" declare
" Their common ſource. Thou Fountain, running o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy!
" Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes!
" Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" Him I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As Moſes, in the *buſh?* Illuſtrious Mind!
" The whole creation, leſs, far leſs, to Thee,
" Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
" How ſhall I name Thee?—How my labouring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
" Great ſyſtem of perfections! mighty cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty! cauſe uncaus'd! ſole root
" Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
" Firſt Father of *effects!* that progeny
" Of endleſs ſeries; where the golden chain's
" Laſt link admits a period, who can tell?
" Father of all that is or heard, or hears!

" Father

" Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!
" Father of all that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
" Father of this immeaſurable maſs
" Of *matter* multiform; or denſe, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at reſt;
" Minute, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
" Of like amaze, and myſtery, to man.
" Father of theſe bright millions of the *night!*
" Of which the leaſt full Godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, ſay,
" Is appellation higher ſtill, Thy choice?
" Father of *matter's* temporary lords!
" Father of *ſpirits!* nobler offspring! ſparks
" Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
" With various meaſures, and with various modes
" Of *inſtinct*, *reaſon*, *intuition*; beams
" More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
" The dark of matter *organiz'd* (the ware
" Of all *created* ſpirit); beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior light,
" Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of *intellectual* beings! beings bleſt
" With powers to pleaſe Thee; not of paſſive ply
" To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
" Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Though boundleſs habitation, plann'd by Thee:

" Whoſe

" Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit;
" And tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
" A title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
" Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
" *Father of immortality to man!*
" A theme that * lately ſet my ſoul on fire—
" And Thou the Next! yet equal! Thou, by whom
" *That* bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was *bought*;
" Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made; and one, redeem'd! illuſtrious Light
" From Light illuſtrious! Thou, whoſe *regal* power,
" Finite in *time*, but infinite in *ſpace*,
" On more than adamantine baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of gods!
" And Oh! the *Friend* of man! beneath whoſe foot,
" And by the mandate of whoſe aweful nod,
" All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Through the ſhort channels of expiring *time*,
" Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
" Calm, or tempeſtuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes),
" In abſolute ſubjection!---And, O Thou
" The glorious Third! diſtinct, not ſeparate!
" Beaming from *Both!* with Both incorporate;
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as Thy glory, great,
" Enſhrin'd

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" Enſhrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heaven with diſtant earth! by whom I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To Thee, to Them—To whom?--Myſterious Power!
" Reveal'd---yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light;
" Number in unity! our Joy! our Dread!
" The *Triple* Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the *Triple* Sun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting Sun!
" Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet Demonſtrable, Great God!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft *pity's* eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *Thine Own*,
" From Thy bright home, from that high Firmament,
" Where Thou, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond archangels unaſſiſted ken;
" From far above what mortals higheſt call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
" Through--What? confounding interval! through all
" And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive;
" Through radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Through wondrous beings interpoſing ſwarms,
" All cluſtering at the call, to dwell in Thee;
" Through this wide waſte of worlds! this *viſta* vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to *night*

" Before

" Before *thy* feebleſt beam--Look down--down--down,
" On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt,
" Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half-converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (though night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In *Thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Though tranſient, terrible; at *Thy* good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
" Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
" Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
" Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
" That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My *ſenſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" O ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *fate*,
" Firſt, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*---
" *Man's fickly ſoul, though turn'd and toſs'd for ever,*
" *From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but* Thee:
" *Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;*
" On Thee, the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
" Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
" Nor of *that* pillow ſhall *my* ſoul deſpond;

" For

" For---Love almighty! Love almighty! (ſing,
" Exult, creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
" That death of *death!* that cordial of *deſpair!*
" And loud Eternity's triumphant ſong!
" Of whom, no more:--For, O Thou Patron-God!
" Thou *God* and *Mortal!* Thence *more* God to man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou canſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *praiſe.*
" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can He eſcape,
" Who, diſemboſom'd from the Father, bows
" The heaven of heavens, to kiſs the diſtant earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the *Croſs, Death's* iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his *foes!*
" Their *gratitude,* for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their *ſuffering brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
" As deeper guilt prohibits our *deſpair!*
" Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" * *Takes his delights among the ſons of men.*"
What words are theſe---And did they come from heaven?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſongs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;
Though

* Prov. chap. viii.

Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night*:
Rich prelibation of *conſummate* joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.
This final effort of the moral Muſe,
How juſtly * *titled?* nor for me alone:
For all that read; what ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of Conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then, farewel Night! of darkneſs, now, no more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taſte of life*, and conſtant *thought of death!*
The *thought* of death, ſole victor of its *dread!*
Hope, be thy *joy*; and *probity* thy *ſkill*;
Thy *patron* He, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heaven; *Eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on wealth, fame, power,
And laugh to ſcorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the ways of men,

* The Conſolation.

Whoſe lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our *preſent privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due ſenſe of its *abuſe*,
The *ſame* aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us *now*.
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wiſdom, ere 'tis torment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize *wiſdom*, ere ſhe ſeizes *thee*.
For what, my ſmall philoſopher! is *hell?*
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *truth*, reſiſted long, is ſworn our foe;
And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, *darkneſs* aiding intellectual light,
And ſacred *ſilence* whiſpering truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My ſong the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
'Tis pride, to praiſe her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! riſe, at this auſpicious hour;
An hour, when heaven 's moſt intimate with man;
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine
Glides ſwift into the boſom of the *juſt*;
And juſt are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which ſets that title high within thy reach.

Awake,

Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the creation ſleeps;
When, like a taper, all theſe ſuns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that ſupport the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
And Midnight, *Univerſal* Midnight! reigns.

END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

"My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied even as it were with marrow
"and fatneſs; when my mouth praiſeth thee with
"joyful lips." PSALM lxiii. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the Public; there were many and ſtrong reaſons againſt it; and are ſo ſtill; but ſome extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought neceſſary to publiſh ſomething, leſt a copy ſtill more imperfect than this ſhould fall into the preſs: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occaſion of publication may be ſome excuſe for it.

As for the following ſtanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodneſs to man, is dwelt on, as the moſt juſt and cogent reaſon for our chearful and abſolute reſignation to his will; nor are any of thoſe topics declined, which have a juſt tendency to promote that ſupreme virtue: ſuch as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

RESIGNATION.

PART I.

THE days how few, how ſhort the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place!

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us with a ſigh,
That to be born ſeems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to theſe akin?
Age ſlumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing ſtill?

Conſcious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To ſoften cenſure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam! ere to You
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad ſifter of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whoſe white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many ſuns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His ſecond world to ſee;
My ſecond world, though gay the ſcene,
Can boaſt no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With deſolation ſpread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and ſmil'd,
Whilſt life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys; the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, againſt this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to ſpare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my ſight;
My weak hand diſobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What ſhall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long-abandon'd Muſe!
What field of fancy ſhall I range?
What ſubject ſhall I chuſe?

A choice of moment high inſpire,
And reſcue me from ſhame,
For doating on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which moſt admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood reſtrain;

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Though claiming every Muſe's ſmile,
And every Poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious conſummation, Thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to diſcern,
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I tread; dare I to leave
Of humble proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dangerous ſea?
What throngs have ſunk before!

How proud the poet's billow ſwells!
The God! the God! his boaſt:
A boaſt how vain! What wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards
Confine their charming ſong
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet, write I muſt; a * Lady ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

But

* Mrs. M——.

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but, through fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you;

Too well he knows the twiſting ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd!

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad experience ſay?
Through truths auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate, we meet our foes,
In ſore affliction's field;

It

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by ſenſe,
From reaſon's channel ſtrays:
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream,
From daily-dying flowers,
To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs, in extaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight;
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle All is vain.

Vain, in its courſe, life's murmuring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

Had

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up——

Deſpair.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its ſtrokes ſevere, moſt kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
Theſe oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault;

Yet

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an œconomiſt is man
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

Say not, your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our preſent ſtate;

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate, keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Through

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own;

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain:

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing,
Though you may think it ſlow,
When, in the liſt of fortune's ſmiles,
You 'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſued
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
"Of ſound, important good:"

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties;
And every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe:

'Twill ſound ſevere—Yet reſt aſſur'd
I 'm ſtudious of your peace;
Though I ſhould dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Hear

Hear then without ſurprize a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs:

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely ſung
By one, whoſe heart had bled;

To Reſignation ſwift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bleſt him with a ſmile,
When gaſping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our ſabbaths are but few;

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother bleſſing (not ſo call'd),
True happineſs, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By ſtings of life unvext;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

You

You ſee, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run;
And ſay, what is a man unſtruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply ſtung—
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boaſts, Heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart!
How critically tim'd the * news
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I ſpoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long-belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph, whilſt I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdued
By reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

* Whilſt the Author was writing This, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardſon's death, who was then printing the former part of the Poem.

And when continued paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No; my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

Madam! I grant your loſs is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a Friend.

But ſuch a friend! and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weakneſs, and I drop,
All ſorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſooth,
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him preſented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of diſtreſs:

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Eſculapian art:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Though tranſports are deny'd:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive encreaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human woe,
In part, their peace deſtroy?

He lives in thoſe he left;—to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind;
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let thoſe propheſy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon:

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire:
And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire:

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpriz'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boaſters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though coſting dear
You 'll think it cheaply bought:

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæſar's toil:

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon 's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe:

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he 'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you.

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some ſeem in love with ſorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt heaven's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's ſelf
By perſeverance brought,

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in ſons of honeſt joy
Some beams of Moſes' face:

Is reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind;

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

For joy what cauſe? how every ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love?

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul,

Broke looſe from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done;

Fatal miſtake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is ſet down
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds;

Though man ſits ſtill, and takes his eaſe,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bleſs him, if he can.

But man conſents not, boldly bent
To faſhion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cauſe,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly ſmil'd:

Now, and through periods diſtant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man

Man holds in conſtant ſervice bound
The bluſtering winds and ſeas;
Nor ſuns diſdain to travel hard
Their maſter, man, to pleaſe:

To final good the worſt events
Through ſecret channels run;
Finiſh for man their deſtin'd courſe,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often ſmote, and ſmites
My mind, as demonſtration ſtrong;
That heaven in man delights:

What 's known to man of things unſeen,
Of future worlds, or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

What 's Revelation then? a liſt,
An inventory juſt
Of that poor inſect's goods, ſo late
Call'd out of night and duſt.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy ſincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow ſphere:

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight?
A ſmiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleaſing in its ſight!

Angels

Angels ſtoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incenſe ſweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praiſe:

Have we no cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetic God?

If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod an harmleſs wand;
If not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand;

Like that, it ſwallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whoſe baffled arts would boaſt below
Of joys a rival ſpring.

Conſummate love! the liſt how large
Of bleſſings from thy hand!
To baniſh ſorrow, and be bleſt,
Is thy ſupreme command.

Are ſuch commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliſs, ſhall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deſerves ſtill greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
Our beſt encomium on the Power
Who ſweetly plans the whole:

Joy

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport 's the language of the ſkies,
Content the ſtyle below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs
More precious we purſue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, intereſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

"But how to ſmile; to ſtem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to ſmile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And ſtruggles through a ſtorm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And

And ſhould not this complaint repreſs?
And check the riſing ſigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to ſupply.

Since ſpirits greatly damp'd diſtort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To ſet your notions right:

As tears the ſight, grief dims the ſoul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendſhip, like a riſing ſun,
The ſoul's horizon clears.

A friend 's an optick to the mind
With ſorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it ſtrength of ſight to ſee
Redreſs unſeen before.

Reaſon is ſomewhat rough in man;
Extremely ſmooth and fair,
When ſhe, to grace her manly ſtrength,
Aſſumes a female air:

A * Friend you have, and I the ſame,
Whoſe prudent, ſoft addreſs
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your diſtreſs;

That friend, the ſpirit of my theme
Extracting for your eaſe,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; ſuch as theſe;

Let

* Mrs. Montaguet

Let thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
  Of ſparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
  Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:
Woe to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
  'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reaſon ſleeps, the pulſe is king;
  Deſpotic body reigns:
Have you * ne'er pity'd joy's gay ſcenes,
  And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! ſhe's ſtone-blind,
  And quite miſtakes her mark:
Her mark lies hid in ſorrow's ſhades,
  But ſorrow well ſubdued;
And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
  By meek, unborrow'd good.
By Reſignation; all in that
  A double friend may find,
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
  The pillow of mankind:
On pillows void of down, for reſt
  Our reſtleſs hopes we place;
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
  Our hearts repoſe in peace:
The peace, which reſignation yields,
  Who feel alone can gueſs;
'Tis diſbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
  They muſt conclude it leſs:

The

* Mrs. Montague.

The loſs, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The ſeaſons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind!
Through clouds, and ſtorms, a ſummer breaks,
To ſhine on the reſign'd:

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is poſſeſs'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breaſt;

By Reſignation we defeat
The worſt that can annoy;
And ſuffer, with far more repoſe,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From ſmall experience this I ſpeak;
O! grant to thoſe I love
Experience fuller far, ye powers
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to thoſe
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To ſhine on age in mean recleſs,
And light me to my theme!

A theme themſelves! A theme, how rare!
The charms, which they diſplay,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are ſet in bright array:

With

With his own arms proud man 's o'ercome,
His boaſted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiſer grown,
To female boſoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:
But as thoſe * ladies works I read,
They darted ſuch a ray,
The latent ſenſe burſt out at once,
And ſhone in open day:

So burſt, full ripe, diſtended fruits,
When ſtrongly ſtrikes the ſun;
And from the purple grape unpreſs'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis ſaid) when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain;
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wiſdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And launce,—or, genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon ſhield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful ſhone,
And many a blockhead (eaſy change!)
Turn'd, inſtantly, to ſtone.

Our

* Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

No longer impotent, and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe:
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below!
We treſpaſs on the ſkies!

The Lord, the ſoul, and ſource of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and ſeas;

Beyond us, what can Angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as——we deſire.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This, the ſublime of man!

Beyond the boaſt of pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines;
And for a ſoil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the ſun ſurveys, ſubdued,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the Reſign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to heaven the reſt;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

Come, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſt Martyrs ſouls
Aſcended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;
How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by fate!

His threatening foe! what ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!——at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum, thou!

Haſte, then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile:

O! for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death:

What ſight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has moſt of Heaven to boaſt?
The man reſign'd; at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

At death's arrival they ſhall ſmile,
Who, not in life oe'r-gay,
Serious, and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him on his way:

My gay Coævals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, deſire:

Grand climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd, when beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies:

But

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home!

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child out-fools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me viſit one,
My fault who, partly, ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law, a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
Its praiſe to be forgot;

The wiſe, as flowers, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When evening damps, and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

What though your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as * this?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs:

Your traſh, with mine, at open war,
Is † obſtinately bent,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom, and diſcontent:

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder whilſt we praiſe;

A curious

* Candide. † Second Part.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature ſtarts;
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts:

"But great your name"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe ſave?

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame;

Nor boaſt your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies;
Your taſte too fails; what moſt excels
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's * helmet ſeek,
Reſplendent are its rays,
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume,
Of ſublunary praiſe.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To ſee that—† "All is right,"
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight;
If ſo, all 's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are, now, in heaven."

Nay, ſuch philanthropy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me:
Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs:

Walking,

* Epheſ. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they ſhine,
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul;

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

A world, that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

Yon matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!
Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare;

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell:

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he purſued;
My heart aſtray to quick return
Importunately woo'd;

Due Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet,
Beneath the maſk of ill!

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

Have I not ſometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs:
Oft I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my ſucceſs.

By ſharpen'd appetite to give
To good intenſe delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow:

When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd ſenſe from fancy's tyranny
Alone can ſet us free;
A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs;
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whiſper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to ſave.

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

We to ourſelves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf-recording lines;
A record, modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humbled flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end;

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From chaos, and old night;

From what ſeem'd horror, and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd,
Eternally are ſhown.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd Prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your boſom; there you 'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal,
Which none can read but you;

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To freſh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure, or ſomewhat odd,
Though 'tis the beſt that man can give,—
"Ev'n be content with God."

Through love He gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reaſon fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by ſenſe.

This friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate;

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart;
A truth leſs obvious hear;
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear:

Diſpute you this? O! ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, He ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;

A ſmile, which through eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at laſt, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a ſovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh; peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which guilt ſhould waſh away;

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt thoſe diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe;

Not

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute,
As all had been but one.

And is He then ſo near! ſo kind!—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep;

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt:

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can deſtroy
The power, in exquiſite extremes,
To ſuffer, or enjoy;

Give

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He 's beggar'd, and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

For what the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the Poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe;

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not ſay,
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidable ſpoke?

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

Yes, ev'n in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What moſt imbitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

Joy's fountain head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe:

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuſe of every bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea!
One ſand, how wide the ſhore!

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in æther thrown!

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?—
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into diſtreſs;

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In Thee who dare not truſt;
Whoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the duſt:

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No leſs abſurd, than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and goodneſs at the helm,
The roughest ocean-plough?

What, though I 'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe,
I 'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Roar, waves; rage, winds! I know, that Thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

From Thee immortal ſpirits born,
To Thee, their fountain, flow,
If wiſe; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering ſtreams below:

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To Thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To Thee aſpiring they exult;
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies:

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And generous ſenſe of paſt,
To Thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or reſign'd;

Reſign'd through duty, intereſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous Truth!) in heaven itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe;

And when to praiſe the man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both; but man 's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! Ingratitude how black!
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

Praiſe chears, and warms, like generous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night;

'Tis nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart 's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardour court:

When prayer partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts through heaven's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King:

The labouring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees;
I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone!
An humble heart, God's * other ſeat!
The rival of his throne:

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low?
And condeſcends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

Such

* Iſaiah lvii. 15.

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
How treat our gueſt divine?
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

Thus far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
Now let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
The diſmal human groan:

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and intereſts fly as far
Aſunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and ſordid joys,
Our grandeur we diſgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers poſſeſs'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt.

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the glorious ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever baſk,
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on Reaſon rouz'd
In awful luſtre riſe,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all diſquiet dies:

Earth's glories too their ſplendour loſe,
Thoſe phantoms charm no more;
Empire 's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then level'd quite, whilſt yet alive,
The monarch and his ſlave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leſſon from the grave:

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaſt of glory more
Than ſparkles from a crown.

When human glory riſes high
As human glory can;
When, though the King is truly great,
Still greater is the Man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the Monarch proud
In grandeur ſhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy ſhroud.

Wiſdom!

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though graſping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death! through thy approach,
Is wiſer every hour;

Approach how ſwift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare,
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones beſtows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill?

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd,
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread power,
As burſting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, ſpare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourſelf forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wiſe:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
Voltaire will cloſe with me:

How ſhocking is that modeſty,
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed:

What then are they, whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt!

Though Vice, by no ſuperior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure diſintereſted love
Of ruin they obey!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lyes

From fancy's forge: gay fancy ſmiles
At reaſon plain, and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
To make the fineſt fool.

Voltaire! long life 's the greateſt curſe
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
That birth-day of their ſorrow;
Knowing, it may be diſtant far,
Nor cruſh them till—to-morrow.

Theſe are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your ſtate,
No * caſtle is my lot:

But ſoon, quite level ſhall we lie;
And, what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that ſound? Alarming ſound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes Finis to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Their wit far brighteſt will be prov'd,
Who ſunk it in good ſenſe;
And veneration moſt profound
Of dread Omnipotence.
'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſt Eternity;
O! may'ſt thou never, never loſe
That more than * golden key!

Whate'er may ſeem too rough excuſe,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well;
As yet we muſt not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt,
That we are ſtill alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave!
When life, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happieſt life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes Vici on his ſhield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

O!

* Alluding to Pruſſia.

O! how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright!

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poiſon diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd,
Whole herds ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly, by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

Men's praiſe your vanity purſues;
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you 'll reſign the will;

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim;
How very far ſuperior they
In number, and in name!

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ;
Though juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy;

But ſing no more—no more I ſing,
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High, as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilſt

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
" Above, beneath the ſun,
" Through boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
" Jehovah's will be done."

'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell;

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains:
Self-will 's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to You:

You know, that virtue's baſis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight:

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world, a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born;

When

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or, ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

Well-pleas'd to bear heaven's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt power employ;
'Tis noble chemiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee:

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart through ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel;

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Reſign, reſign: this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtill;
A crown has been reſign'd by more,
Than have reſign'd the will;

Though will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes,
Than he who wears a crown;

Hence, in the boſom cold of age,
It kindled a ſtrange aim
To ſhine in ſong; and bid me boaſt
The * grandeur of my theme;

But oh! how far preſumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceaſe to flow.

Firſt! greateſt! beſt! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canſt make our wiſdom wiſe;

And how unwiſe! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
"Indeed, beneath the taught!"

* Page 87.

Means moſt infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with inſtructions moſt divine,
To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a ſoul on fire,
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
Where angels ſtring the lyre;

How cold is man? to him how hard
(Hard, what moſt eaſy ſeems)
"To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
"Which yet he—moſt eſteems."

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And, to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

ON

ON

THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

INSCRIBED

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES

"— Gaudia Curis." HOR.

MDCCXIV.

ON THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, ſought,
To eaſe the fullneſs of my grateful thought,
My fame at once, and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to you.
Though you, long ſince beyond Britannia known,
Have ſpread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely ſhine,
Than when ſo late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human ſtate.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatneſs fade away,
Your luſtre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and ſparkles near a tomb.
Know, ſir, the great eſteem and honour due,
I choſe that moment to profeſs to you,
When ſadneſs reign'd, when fortune, ſo ſevere,
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt ſincere.
And when no motives could have force to raiſe
A ſerious value, and provoke my praiſe,
But ſuch as riſe above, and far tranſcend
Whatever glories with this world ſhall end,

Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
The ſun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I ſing—but ah! my theme I heed not tell,
See every eye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell:
Who now to verſe would raiſe his humble voice,
Can only ſhew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever New!)
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
And pay a conſtant tribute, not their own.
Her ſummer's heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue the foe;
And when black ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
Her winters wear the wreaths, her ſummers won.
Revolving pleaſures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
And glorious victory is loſt in peace.

Whence this profuſion on our favour'd iſle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue ſmile?
Or did the ſceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the ſame.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the ſky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
We ſpread our canvaſs to the ſouthern ſhore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the ſouth reſigns her ſtore.

Her

Her virtue ſmooths the tumult of the main,
And ſwells the field with mountains of the ſlain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory ſhare,
While millions lie ſubdued by Anna's prayer.
How great her zeal! how fervent her deſire!
How did her ſoul in holy warmth expire!
Conſtant devotion did her time divide,
Not ſet returns of pleaſure or of pride.
Not want of reſt, or the ſun's parting ray,
But finiſh'd duty, limited the day.
How ſweet ſucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and ſoften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch deſcending angels ſpread,
And join'd their wings a ſhelter o'er her head.
Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart:
She ſaw, and griev'd to ſee, the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She ſhed her bounty, piouſly profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.
Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.
What ſtrikes my ſight? does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurprize!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.

How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it diſappears,
Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphan's tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever ſought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune loſt her name, her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly ſtroke, from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of fame arriv'd,
Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſt,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd!
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire:
Wiſely to ſpend, is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,

One

One drop of water, that refreſh'd the dry,
Shall riſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date,
Is virtue's great reward puſh'd off by fate;
Here random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth and regal ſtate,
Anna ſate arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies.
Thus end matureſt honours of a crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
So when with idle ſkill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; he ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!

Yes,

Yes, this advantage; from our deep diſtreſs
We learn how much in George the Gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe, and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we ſmooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the Gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom intereſt joins, and chace our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit without a bluſh the Britiſh crown.
Secure his honour, though he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great ſir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine;

In

In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt
That we contemplate, and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Iſis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne!
For England's church her lateſt accents ſtrain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal, for thee.
What though thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown 's impatient to incloſe thy head;
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience through the world ſhall tell
That king 's a Briton, who can govern well!

THE

THE
INSTALMENT.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

" Quæſitam Meritis." HOR.

MDCCXXVI.

THE INSTALMENT.

WITH invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no Muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd ſons of praiſe!
Our morning ſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings diſplay,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that, the ſword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, claſp the diamond-girdle round his waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread;
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, ſince firſt he fixt the race,
None preſt fair glory with a ſwifter pace.
When fate would call ſome mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome favourite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a lengthen'd courſe;
That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.
See, Britain, ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant ſtar;

A ſtar

A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſhall guide
Thy veſſel ſafe, through fortune's roughest tide.
If peace ſtill ſmiles, by this, ſhall commerce ſteer
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the ſphere;
And, gathering tribute from each diſtant ſhore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If war 's ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Through that black cloud, which riſing from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is ſent
To claim the ſeas, and awe the continent.
This ſhall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the Muſe ſhall kindle, and aſpire:
My breaſt, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.
My fortune ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair:
Be this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free;
'T was meant for merit, though it fell on me.
Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoriz'd my Muſe,
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.
Falſe praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which proſtitute fair fame to worthleſs men:
This prophanation of celeſtial fire
Makes fools deſpiſe, what wiſe men ſhould admire.
Let thoſe I praiſe to diſtant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the taſk is hard, to weed
From verſe rank flattery's vivacious ſeed,

And rooted deep; one means muſt ſet them free;
Patron! and patriot! let them ſing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor thoſe retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the ſun,
With vigorous charms can through the ſeaſons run;
Defies the ſtorm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen:
Where bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring;
And midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blaſts of envy riſe,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
Lets fall no honours, but ſecurely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though ruffling factions preſs;
By wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs;
One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd *;
And the charm'd Muſes ſhelter in his ſhade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe I plead,
But what chaſte truth indites, old time ſhall read.
" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which, ſoon, beat high for arts, and public-good;

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

" Whoſe glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of ſervices and years;
" No ſudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majeſty:
" One bearing greateſt toils with greateſt eaſe,
" One born to ſerve us, and yet born to pleaſe:
" Whom, while our rights in equal ſcales he lays,
" The prince may truſt, and yet the people praiſe;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart ſincere,
" His council guides, his temper chears our iſle,
" And, ſmiling, gives three kingdoms cauſe to ſmile."
Joy then to Britain, bleſt with ſuch a ſon,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly-conſcious meets the ſmiles of fate.
True greatneſs lies in daring to be great.
Let daſtard ſouls, or affectation, run
To ſhades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, miſled by falſe applauſe,
The pride of modeſty to virtue's cauſe.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wiſe to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the luſtre of our age and clime,
And ſheds rich ſeeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs alone, in fields of ſlaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when ſtern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet roſe, fair daughter of his blood.

Now

Now rival wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas riſe in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court deſert, who fame deſpiſe.
For what 's ambition, but fair virtue's ſail?
And what applauſe, but her propitious gale?
When ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore,
From her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
By blaſts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.
Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud encloſure down;
And high deſert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling, in juſtice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.

Gods are moſt Gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them, by rewarding well.
Though ſtrong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it ſoars into the ſky.
Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praiſe;
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more: for in this dread ſuſpenſe of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick, for the great event,
Brunſwick of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

MDCCXII.

" —Parnaſſia laurus
" Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjecit umbra." VIRG.

AN EPISTLE

TO

LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone,
While ſuppliant Kings in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring;
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you;
The Muſe's friend is pleas'd the Muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crouds, and labour for acceſs,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove;
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of Arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.

Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.

In

From

In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſure chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.

But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids every nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And every Monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyll ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.

No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed, the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name.
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All Nature ſeems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in every field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe.
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate) in Bourbon's ſtately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:

From

From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword,
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, compleats the friends.
A thouſand happy conſequences flow
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow);
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole;
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Mean while, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.

Goodneſs

Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
And power a curſe, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make diſſention ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe we may dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relicks of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone;
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne too ſhall build, and every ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bleſs
Th' almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdued to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs;
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.

Heroic

Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day;
Now boaſt your deaths; to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main);
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On heaven without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray, nor in one breath
Aſk Mercy for ourſelves, for others Death.
But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,

In

In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place;
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what 's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike Poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus ſhut, her *Iö Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear
(A thouſand various forms become the fair);
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves

Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that 's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks:
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcenes his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.

More glory to an Author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.

How often have I ſeen the generous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which every ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her power?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:

Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lye.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the Muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue, whom ſo fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muſes to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.

Nor

Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance:
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte;
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt;
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What though we wrong him? Iſabella's woe
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The Drama glories in the Britiſh Muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouze th' affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep: the *Gallic* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What 's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæſar, in a human plan,

And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what Heaven deſign'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakeſpeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *made*.
Our neighbour's ſtage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On Nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakeſpeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly we muſt own,
Not ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.
And yet in Shakeſpeare ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with maſter-ſtrokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and inchanted iſle,
Bid us no longer at our nurſes ſmile;
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.

Who lives, when his Othello 's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too, he conquer'd France.
Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendants, Shakeſpeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame:—
Yet I in vain that Author would ſuppreſs,
What can't be greater, cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim,
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakeſpeare riſe unbleſs'd with Talbot's ſmile,
Ev'n Shakeſpeare's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle:
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the Will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muſes glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an Author with your praiſe:
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.

What

* An anceſtor of the duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakeſpeare. YOUNG.

What though the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the Poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded, when beſt underſtood.
The Muſes write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
The Muſe, which from her Lanſdowne fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue:
Since what is mean my Muſe can't raiſe, I 'll chuſe
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muſe.
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we chuſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.

Though ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Though priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though reſolute to pleaſe;
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world 's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe:
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others excellence;
A gift, which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe, who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth, as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain left merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.

You wiſh your country's good; that told, ſo well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.

When you, my lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
No crouds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;

Nor

Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport, muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told!

So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpriz'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhores the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who 's confin'd
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;

Ranges Eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heavenly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye Kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life compleat!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name.
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thouſand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who

* See his Lordſhip's Tragedy intitled "Heroic Love."

YOUNG.

Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you muſt blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He 's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a tye far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun, to bend his courſe *.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.
How are you bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end;

* His Lordſhip's Nephew, who took Orders.

O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain;
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.
With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to-day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late:
'Twas paſt, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart:
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itſelf confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;

Then

Then with a groan—ſupport me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear! *
Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhowers:
Nor yet diſdain thoſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the Muſe immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in lateſt time, when ſtory 's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain ſway'd, when Granville ſung:
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted lord.

* The Author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harriſon, Fellow of New-College, Oxon. YOUNG.—[See a more particular account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."]

TWO
EPISTLES
TO
MR. POPE,

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

MDCCXXX.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets, and load the ſtall;
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' proſe works up, and Lico's ſtrains.
Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh *from high*,
Where ſpeculation rooſted near the ſky;
Letters, Eſſays, Sock, Buſkin, Satire, Song,
And all the Garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burſt; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I 'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I 've *heard* myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid, leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public miſtreſs, none enjoys,
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;

With

Perhaps a *title* has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them juſt;
Genius directly from the *gods* deſcends,
And who by labour would diſtruſt his *friends*?
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs:
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So ſounds ſpontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;
The prieſts found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.
Clodio dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)
Oft have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *dæmon* ſay,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I 'll meet thee, youth, at White's:" the youth replies,
"I 'll meet thee there," and falls his ſacrifice;
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every ſnare:
Clodio for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they ſtake;
How muſt Spain tremble, and the German ſhake!

Such writers have we! all, but ſenſe, they print;
Ev'n George's praiſe is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts prophane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you *can ſteal*) cœleſtial fire.
O! the juſt contraſt! O! the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who ſo ſad, but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay Caſtruchio's miſcellaneous dreſs?
Though there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
Theſe, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtic dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet;
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps; who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecſtaſies.
Will they perſiſt? 'Tis madneſs; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the Mint.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes:
O frail concluſion; the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There 's true good-nature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.

A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night:
But, riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream:
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead.

In vain *advertiſements* the town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who *preſs* for fame, but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis *voluntiers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,

And

And ſays, " Sir, I 'm your friend; all fears diſmiſs;
" Your glory, and my own, ſhall live by this;
" Your power is fixt, your fame through time convey'd,
" And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A Stateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
" Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
" What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But ruſhes like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe;
He rams his quill with ſcandal and with ſcoff;
But 'tis ſo very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But, when once publiſh'd, they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block 's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can thoſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party 's tainted by their touch,
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion 's ſold;
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like Lapland winds, they fly:

Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
A State-Ulyſſes tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew;
For Chriſtian miniſters of ſtate are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Which far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But, when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!

With *golden* forceps, theſe, another takes,
And ſtate elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richeſt* ſtateſman wants wherewith to *pay*
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the *greateſt* powers enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's ſelf they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.

Nought but inconſtancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets;
From the ſame hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wiſh it were.

If

If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly Proteus' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, tranſform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*
Invites the town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He 's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung;
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make:
The Snake reigns moſt; Snakes, Pliny ſays, are bred,
When the *brain* 's periſh'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like you, curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.
What if the *figure* ſhould in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah *, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes paſt,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hiſt at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape:

* Settle, the city poet.

Such is the fate of talents miſapply'd;
So liv'd your Prototype; and ſo he dy'd.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mein,
That gods there are is eminently ſeen:
Heaven ſtands abſolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghaſtly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithleſs leather meet the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than ſhirt.
The tranſient veſtments of theſe frugal men,
Haſtens to paper for our mirth again:
Too ſoon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the fight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through ſpite;
And, though full conſcious of his injur'd purſe,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wiſh them worſe.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and ſenſe.
From *theſe*, their politics our Quidnuncs ſeek,
And Saturday 's the learning of the week:
Theſe labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat eſſays;
Ram their coarſe nonſenſe down, though ne'er ſo dull;
And hem at every thump upon your ſkull:
Theſe ſtaunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honeſt folly echoes to the lye.

O how

O how I laugh, when I a blockhead ſee,
Thanking a villain for his *probity!*
Who ſtretches out a moſt reſpectful ear,
With ſnares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my ſoul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceleſs Reynard liſtens—till he bites.

As, when the trumpet ſounds, th' o'erloaded ſtate
Diſcharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds diſhonour'd weapons wield,
And *priſons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuſe, and the dregs of men,
Compoſe the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London; ſhall the rage abate
Here, where it moſt ſhould ſhine, the Muſes' *ſeat?*
Where, mortal or immortal, as they pleaſe,
The learn'd may chuſe eternity, or eaſe?
Has not a * Royal Patron wiſely ſtrove
To woo the Muſe in her Athenian grove?
Added new ſtrings to her harmonious ſhell,
And given new tongues to thoſe who ſpoke ſo well?
Let *theſe* inſtruct, with truth's illuſtrious ray,
Awake the world, and ſcare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
Serious ſhould be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amuſement, ne'er amuſe.
An Author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deſerve it, and what numbers claim!
Unbleſt with ſenſe above their peers refin'd,
Who ſhall ſtand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *ſhine*, if not in *virtue's* cauſe,
That ſole proprietor of juſt applauſe?
Ye reſtleſs men, who pant for letter'd praiſe,
With whom would you conſult to gain the bays?—
With thoſe great authors whoſe fam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go, then, conſult the laurel'd ſhade,

What

* King George I.

What anſwer will the laurel'd ſhade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The nobleſt works his envy'd genius writ,
That boaſt of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth moſt dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wiſh'd unwrote
The ſprightlieſt efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brighteſt ſons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wiſdom caſt,
To think *that early* we *muſt* think *at laſt*.

Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious ſtill to virtue's ſacred cauſe;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The ſacred *thirſt* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In proſe 'tis blameable, in verſe 'tis worſe,
Provokes the Muſe, extorts Apollo's curſe;
His ſacred influence never ſhould be ſold;
'Tis arrant *ſimony* to ſing for gold:
'Tis immortality ſhould fire your mind;
Scorn a leſs paymaſter than all mankind.

If bribes ye ſeek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largeſt bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will ſurely ſerve him, if they can;
The bad, when intereſt or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *intereſt* and their *pride*:

But ſhould both fail to take him to their care,
He boaſts a *greater* friend, and both may ſpare.
Letters to man uncommon light diſpenſe;
And what is virtue, but ſuperior ſenſe?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a ſcandal of the firſt renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheiſts* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to pleaſe than give offence;
The leaſt miſconduct damns the brighteſt ſenſe;
Each ſhallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreſſions deep
On thoſe that o'er a page of Milton ſleep:
Nor in their dulneſs think to ſave your ſhame,
True, theſe are fools; but wiſe men ſay the ſame.
Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they 're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit* 's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.

Prudence

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 't will cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflexion more:
More had the antients writ, they more had taught;
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This

This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore:
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix;
And zealouſly prefer four lines to ſix.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *ſwiftneſs* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praiſe,
Slow runs the Pegaſus that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek;
What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuſe no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; Addiſon
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part* 's unſound.

He that *ſtrikes out*, and ſtrikes not out the *beſt*,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'er ſo little, if what 's right be there,
We praiſe for what you *burn*, and what you *ſpare*:
The part you burn, ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine,
And is as incenſe to the part divine.

Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.

A few

A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius cenſures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.
Let *ſatire* leſs engage you than *applauſe*;
It ſhews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's, country's, truth's, religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt.
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt *have* that glory you preſume to *give*.
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I 'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let

Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour?* It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.

Can others write like you? Your talk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflexion be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.
True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream;
And if they ſlightly think, 'tis much the ſame.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the *ſubject*, cogent the *diſcourſe*,
Clear be the *ſtyle*, the very *ſound* of force;
Eaſy the *conduct*, ſimple the *deſign*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *ſoul* divine.

Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reaſon reign; o'er that, your Creed:
Thus *virtue's ſeeds*, at once, and *laurel's*, grow;
Do thus, and riſe a Pope, or a Deſpreau:
And when your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
Live up to the full luſtre of your lines:
Parts but expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's deteſted cauſe,
Who for bare talents challenge our applauſe.
Would you reſtore juſt honours to the pen?
From able writers *riſe* to worthy men.
" Who 's this with nonſenſe, nonſenſe would reſtrain?
" Who 's this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the vain?
" Who damns our traſh, with ſo much traſh replete?
" As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;

While

While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *ſlay the ſlain*.
Sore preſt with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign;
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield;
Unleſs dire Codrus rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and, on the green,
Poke out their fooliſh necks in aukward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *biſs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *ſons* of *dulneſs* write.

AN

AN EPISTLE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY MR. DODDINGTON.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

"—Quæ cernat Amiculus, ut ſi
"Cæcus iter monſtrare velit—" HOR.

THOUGH ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of uſe impart, though void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good-will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.
As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though nigh his ſource, he drains a thouſand ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall rivulet brings.
So thou ſhalt, hence, adorn each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intercourſe ſhall profane the Muſe,

No malice, wrapt in truth's diſguiſe, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.
When firſt a generous mind ſurveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the ſhow (though little underſtood)
He only ſeeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to diſpoſe,
And gratitude ſtill ſprings, where bounty ſows;
That every grant ſincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But thoſe who long the paths of ſtate have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving ſtill, their gates beſiege,
'Tis eaſier far to give, than to oblige.
This of thy conduct ſeems the neceſt part,
The chief perfection of the ſtateſman's art,
To give to fair aſſent a fairer face,
Or ſoften a refuſal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; ſtill ſquander, not beſtow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
Still aſk, but ne'er conſult their own deſerts,
And meaſure by their intereſt, not their parts:
From this miſtake ſo many men we ſee,
But ill become the thing they wiſh'd to be;

Hence

Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.
As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no distinction, where distinction 's due,
Marks from the many the superior few;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last—because they must;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys?
The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.
When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask:
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to bestow;
From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, ſeduc'd by love of parts,
Conſult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering ſparks that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themſelves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the ſun;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men riſe;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a freſh offence,
By which ſuperior power is ſtill imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardſhips breed;
But thoſe who hate from envy, hate indeed.
"Since ſo perplex'd the choice, whom ſhall we truſt?"
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and juſt;
The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
Who ſerves thee from affection, not for gold.
We love the honeſt, and eſteem the brave,
Deſpiſe the coxcomb, but deteſt the knave;
No ſhew of parts the truly wiſe ſeduce,
To think that knaves can be of real uſe.
The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And ſtrives to dignify a worthleſs choice,
Attempts a taſk that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.

One

One worthleſs man, that gains what he pretends,
Diſguſts a thouſand unpretending friends:
And ſince no art can make a counterpaſs,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic braſs,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debaſe the ſtamp, than raiſe the coin.
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that taſk be hard;
Souls form'd alike ſo quick by nature blend,
An honeſt man is more than half thy friend.
Him, no mean views, or haſte to riſe, ſhall ſway,
Thy choice to ſully, or thy truſt betray:
Ambition, here, ſhall at due diſtance ſtand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honeſt hand:
Beſides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view thoſe failings with a lover's eye;
Though ſmall his genius, let him do his beſt,
Our wiſhes and belief ſupply the reſt.
Let others barter ſervile faith for gold,
His friendſhip is not to be bought or ſold:
Fierce oppoſition he, unmov'd, ſhall face,
Modeſt in favour, daring in diſgrace,
To ſhare thy adverſe fate alone, pretend;
In power, a ſervant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundleſs thirſt of doing good:
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty maſter's ſteps thou trace,
The brave to cheriſh, and the good to grace;

III.

But what ſtrikes home with moſt exalted grace
Is, haughty genius taught to know its place;
And, where worth ſhines, its humbled creſt to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we diſcern ſo rich a vein of ſenſe,
Through the ſmooth flow of pureſt eloquence;
'Tis like the limpid ſtreams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundleſs wealth, o'er ſhining beds of gold.

IV.

But whence ſo finiſh'd, ſo refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And ſlowly take poſſeſſion of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That ſooths my pride: all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

V.

But this have others done; a like applauſe
An ancient and a * modern Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees aroſe,
Meridian luſtre you, at once, diſcloſe.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write ſo well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deſerve, and fly immortal fame?

VI. Next

* Boileau.

VI.

Next to the godlike praiſe of writing well,
Is on that praiſe with juſt delight to dwell.
O, for ſome God my drooping ſoul to raiſe!
That I might imitate, as well as praiſe;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confeſs;
Nor would Auguſtus' age have priz'd it leſs;
An age, which had not held its pride ſo long,
But for this want of ſo compleat a ſong.

VII.

A golden period ſhall from you commence:
Peace ſhall be ſign'd twixt wit and manly ſenſe;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muſes find their Halifax in you.
Like him ſucceed! nor think my zeal is ſhewn
For you; 'tis Britain's intereſt, not your own:
For lofty ſtations are but golden ſnares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a ſhort fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its taſteleſs, painful courſe, to ſing of you.
When ſuch the ſubject, who ſhall curb his flight?
When ſuch your genius, who ſhall dare to write?
In pure reſpect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you moſt, commend no more.

IX. Adieu,

IX.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coaſt
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghoſt;
The bard will ſmile. A laſt, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my duſky cell;
There wait the friendly ſtroke that ſets me free,
And think of immortality and thee —
My ſtrains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid preſents her thanks, and all preſent thee mine.

VERSES

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DOCTOR YOUNG,

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH *.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendſhip can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the Muſe's lateſt ſpark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bad Thee look beyond the grave:
Genius ſoars, and Virtue guides;
Above, the love of God preſides.
There 's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why ſtand ſhivering on the ſhore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe, through ſeas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue ſteers.

* "A Poetical Epiſtle from the late Lord Mel-
"combe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the
"Author of the Night Thoughts," was publiſhed in 4to. 1776.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO

MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY Muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen climes to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient days*,
The *warrior's* ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to ſound;—
But let Arion's ſea-ſtrung harp be Mine.

III.

But where 's his *dolphin*? Know'ſt thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong! *Mere mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcued from the grave.

IV. "Tell

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

IV.

"Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle!"—
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
How shortly shall we Both forget,
To thee my patron I my debt,
And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;
Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! ſtay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing ſtrikes the liſtening ear;
Time groans his laſt! Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels and deſires,
Than once prevail'd; we ſtand on higher ground;
What ſcenes we ſee!—Exalted aim!
With ardours *new*, our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſt! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And, bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke:
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the *ſouth* with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailor ſings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Haſtes the huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV. She

IV.

She *nods* again: the labouring earth
Diſcloſes a tremendous birth;
In ſmoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous aſpect, threatening riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

V.

Theſe miniſters of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *iſland's* will,
When thrones unjuſt wake vengeance: know, ye powers!
In ſudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful ſenate lowers.

VI.

In her * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
In patriot picture, what may raiſe,
Of inſolent attempts, a warm diſdain;
From hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, ſwiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia ſheaths her courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

* Houſe of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies rife! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of nature, ſpite of Jove,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts;
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame;
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent!

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to theſe engines which deny
Superior terrors to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or ſee I Vulcan's ſooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe baubles fall,
Yon ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your ſtrokes ſuſpend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and firſt take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickeſt *night*,
And ghaſtly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to Virgil's Deſcription of Thunder,

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon ſhake;
If Britain's crimes ſupport not Britain's foes,
And edge their ſwords: O power divine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cauſe, by fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

III.

The day commiſſion'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too *feeble* to ſuſtain;
Or *firm* to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV. That

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
" Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wiſdom, and how weak is might!

V.

" Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
" For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appeaſe;
" A wrath, more formidable far
" Than angry nature's waſteful war,
" The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To Thee for ſuccour we reſort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of ſafety, thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou canſt arreſt the flying ball;
" Or ſend it back and bid it fall
" On thoſe, from whoſe proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the *foe*;
" There 's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the ſea;
" With ſeas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil:
" 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouze, or huſh, the martial ſtorm;
" And turn the tide of conqueſt, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam ſublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from death to free
" To turn aſide his level'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" *There* we caſt anchor, we confide in Thee.

XI.

" Thou, who haſt taught the *north* to roar,
" And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blaſted pride with dread to ſeize,
" Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
" And George depute to thunder in thy ſtead.

XII. " Th

* Ruſſia. † Aurora Borealis.

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold and ſtrong;
" Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance: nature's awful fire!
" Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt Thou frown,
" Where is puiſſance and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let George the juſt chaſtiſe the vain:
" Thou, who durſt curb the rebel main,
" To mount the ſhore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid George repel a bolder tide,
" The boundleſs ſwell of Gallic pride;
" And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withſtood)
" *Ambition*, tam'd by loſs of blood,
" Regains her reaſon; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* deſcend, and ſhouting greet,
" With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
" How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
" The poiſe of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRICK:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occaſioned by His MAJESTY's return, Sept. 1729, and the ſucceeding PEACE.

"Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
"Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas,
"Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profundo.
PIND.

"Concines lætoſque dies, & urbis
"Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato
"Fortis AUGUSTI reditu." HOR.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* ſound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a falſe idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not ſo *familiar*. As a fixt ſtar is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though leſs obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I ſhall therefore *ſoon* ſupport at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* ſubject in itſelf; more *proper* than any for an Engliſhman; and particularly *ſeaſonable* at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good *writing* in every province, than in the *ſublime*; our two famous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had feweſt rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* intereſt, or *poſſible* glory of his country, than before; or a ſtronger *impreſſion from* it, or a warmer *concern for* it, I give up to the *critic* any farther reputation.

We have many *copies* and *tranſlations* that paſs for *originals*. This Ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*.

The

The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the *whole*; and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in *ſubjects* and *deſigns* of our own. Nothing is ſo *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he muſt be *ſo* too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a *cloſe copy*, and a *noble original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A *diſtich* may be *long*, and a folio *ſhort*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate Ode if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fullneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought moſt to be declined, if for nothing elſe, for our plenty of it.

The *Ode* is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the moſt ſpirited kind of *Ode*; this I ſpeak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer by it.

THE

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λογίσιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδοι
νᾶσον ἐυκλέα τάνδε κοσμεῖν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *Propoſition*. An Addreſs to the veſſel that brought over the *King*. *Who* ſhould ſing on this occaſion. A *Pindaric* boaſt.

I.

FAST by the *forge* my limbs are ſpread;
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll:
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar;
The God deſcends; and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II.

The waves are huſh'd; the winds are ſpent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in ſong—Fam'd Iſle! no leſs,
By Nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *ſea*, diſjoin'd;
Alone in bliſs! an *iſle*, in happineſs!

III.

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my ſtrains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though flow their ſtreams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye diſpels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George ſupplies the diſtant ſun.

IV.

Away, my ſoul! ſalute the * *Pine*,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand depoſit faithful to reſtore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er ſhall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My ſoul! to thee, *ſhe* ſpreads her ſails;
Their boſoms fill with ſacred gales;
With inſpiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime,
O ſend her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and ſecure from *ſtorm*.

VI.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to ſoar,
Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
Bid her a Britiſh conſtellation riſe—
The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and, *now*, ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *ſkies!*

VII. Dare

* The veſſel that brought over the King.

VII.

Dare *you* to ſing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye prophane!
Who ſhackle *proſe*, and boaſt of *abſent* Gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* Sons of Genius riſe!
Of *genuine* title to the ſkies;
Ye *founts* of Learning! and ye *mints* of Fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attick art,
And drink pure ſong from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt,
As, when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The generous burſts of willing wine
Diſtil nectareous from the grape *unpreſt*.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *proſpect* of happineſs. *Induſtry*. A ſurprizing inſtance of it in old Rome. The miſchief of *ſloth*. *What* happineſs is. *Sloth* its greateſt enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Deſcribed*. *What* the greateſt human excellence. The *praiſe* of wealth. Its *uſe*, *abuſe*, *end*. The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cauſe of it. The benefit of man's *neceſſities*. Britain's naval ſtores. She makes *all Nature* ſerviceable to her ends. Of *reaſon*. Its *excellence*. *How* we ſhould form our *eſtimate* of things. *Reaſon's* difficult taſk. *Why* the firſt glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

I.

" OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance;
And Plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

" Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone:"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am preſent to the *future* blaze.

III. By

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the ſun!—O thou divine,
Bleſt Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, *maſt, cable, anchor, oar,*
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurſt, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden Fruit! *oak* well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry compleat?
When Punick war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As ſoon they fall; as ſoon they riſe;
One moon, a *foreſt*, and the next, a *fleet*.

VI.

Is *ſloth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear,
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he choaks the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh'd long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh *here*:
What though ſhe languiſh'd? 'twas but *fear*,
She 's ſound of heart; her conſtitution ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, ſting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fixt anchor, puſh from ſhore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And, ſee, ſhe 's rous'd, abſolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudleſs azure, rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue, and name!
Again, ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again, ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI. Ten

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that hung
In ſhameful ſloth with nerves unſtrung,
The nations languid load, defy the ſtorms,
The ſheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd veſſel wing to ſea,
Worlds, worlds ſalute, and peopled ocean ſwarms.

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their ſedgy foreheads lift, and ſmile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs from far,
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab ſweet
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſails,
Nor diſtant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the *ballaſt* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant iſle! What tide that flows,
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhines, pours for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon blending on thy ſhores!

XV.

All theſe one Britiſh harveſt make!
The ſervant Ocean for thy ſake
Both ſinks and ſwells: his arms thy boſom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundleſs dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the firſt renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And *ſpend* as free as gods beſtow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then my breaſt! *abound* my ſtore!
This, and this boldly, I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoicks boaſt:
Paſſions and *riches*, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our ſkill;
All bleſſings wound us, when diſcretion 's loſt.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wiſe*,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Let thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe,
The *narrow-ſoul'd*, or the *profuſe*,
The *truly-great* find *morals* in the mine;

XIX. Happy

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illuſtrious *art*
Of being rich: ſtores *ſtarve* us, or they *cloy*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* ſkill,
Extract not what is *brighter* ſtill:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty as a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos ſhines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No *ſordid* ſon of thine ſhall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations! commerce and increaſe.

XXII.

How *various Nature!* turgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, *worms* weave ſilken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun,
Beneath the ſoil, *there* harveſts run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

XXIII.

What 's *various* Nature? Art divine
Man's ſoul to ſoften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may ſtand in need of all,
And *intereſt* draw around the ball,
A net to *catch* and *join* all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *ſupreme*, to mortal men,
In their *neceſſities* diſtinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetite* ſupplies the place
Of abſent virtue, abſent grace,
And human want *performs* for human wit.

XXV.

Vaſt naval enſigns ſtrow'd around
The wondering *foreigner* confound!
How ſtands the deep-aw'd continent aghaſt,
As her proud *ſcepter'd* ſons ſurvey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains riſe, of cable, anchor, maſt?

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees *here*, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king:
How earth 's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot, our throng'd Exchange!
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſpring.

XXVII. Nor

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils ſhe in *trade?* or bleeds in honeſt *wars?*
Her keel each yielding *ſea* enthrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
Her pilot into ſervice lifts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

In ſize confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the ſhade,
And ſeem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted-up the human ſoul,
Heaven bid its rays tranſpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *Reaſon*, gave us *All*.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bleſt Reaſon! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghoſts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the ſtars around him fall;
A God is nought but Reaſon Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reaſon is a God
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole *Agent* he beneath the ſhining ſphere,
Others are *paſſive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

XXXI. Our

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe?* or crowns *inflame?*
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſprings;
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the *dart*, diſſolve the *charm*,
Who know the *ſlender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *preſent* object, *preſent* day,
Are idle *phantoms*, and away;
What 's *laſting* only does *exiſt*. Know *This*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endleſs* bliſs.

XXXIII.

How *foreign* theſe, though *moſt* in view!
Go, look your *whole* exiſtence through;
Thence, form your *rule*; *thence* fix your eſtimate,
For ſo the gods: but as the *gains*,
How great the *toil!* 'Twill coſt more pains,
To vanquiſh *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reaſon!* the *firſt* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine.
By thee, *Trades* ſwarming throng, gay *Freedom's* ſmile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *inſtruct* our iſle.

STRAIN

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britons ſhould purſue it. What wealth *includes*. An *Hiſtorical* digreſſion which kind is moſt frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cauſe* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miſerable fall. The neighbouring kings juſt *reflection* on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the ſoul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's *brighter* ſun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning, virtue, gold!*
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! left Gods repent:
The Gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

III. And

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes!* every deck, a *throne!*

IV.

She ſate an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her *ſtable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and ſhe call'd the *ſeas*,
By Both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Togarmagh's ſteed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian, arms.

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame;
The *golden city* was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt;
Hers the far nobler *harveſt* of the ſeas.

VII. O mer-

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! *head* of Plenty's Springs!
The pride of Iſles! In *wars* rever'd!
Mother of *crafts!* lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But ſhe fell:
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his favourite iſle loud roars the *main!*
The tempeſt howls! her ſculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one *altar!* a whole people, *ſlain!*

IX.

The deſtin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The fable *hour* is coming down:
She 's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *ſword* and *ſtorm* are in her hand;
She trumpets ſhrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth! the boaſt, *unknown!*

X.

For, oh! her ſins as red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The Queen of Trade is *bought!* once wife and juſt,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *droſs*, her bloſſom into *duſt!*

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe,
Her ſordid *noble* ſinks! her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* ſprightly ſound?
Is it for *this*, her great-ones toſs the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right?
The *ſpurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh *all* her might:

XIII.

Tyre's *artizan*, ſweet *orator*,
Her *merchant*, *ſage*, big *man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary heads*,
Whoſe brows with *wiſdom* ſhould be crown'd,
Her very *prieſts* in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours ſheds.

XIV.

What death of *truth!* what thirſt of *gold!*
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *baſe ones* lifted high!
What *public* boaſts! what *private* views!
What *deſert* temples! *crowded* ſtews!
What *women!*—practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is, who ſees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

He ſees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courſer paws, and foams the rein;
And chariots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain! Her high, preſumptuous air
In gorgeous veſtments rich and rare,
O'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coſtly *ſtain*,
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine, in vain!
In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wines flow in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
Damaſcus, vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe vain, ſhe boaſts,
Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX. Bell

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
To *ſhips*, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there*: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in ſeas, from which her glory roſe.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of *cedar* nought avail,
Or pilot *learn'd!* She ſinks, nor ſinks *alone*,
Her Gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though ſo vaſt her naval might,
In *her* firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right?
All *flags abas'd* her ſea-dominion greet:
What though ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that Iſle deſtroy
Whoſe conqueſt ſail'd, as far as ſail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings *ſhe* cloath'd in purple ſhake
Their aweful brows: "O foul miſtake!
O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe,
"Who ſaid—with my *own* art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
And ſwell'd at heart, vain Empreſs of the Sea!

XXIII. "This,

XXIII.

" This, This is ſhe, who *meanly* ſoar'd:
" Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
" And ſtile herſelf a God!—Through ſtormy wars
" This Eagle-Iſle her thunder bore,
" High-fed her young with *human* gore;
" And *would* have built her neſt among the ſtars.

XXIV.

" But ah, frail man! how impotent
" To ſtand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
" To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
" Shall Iſland-kings with Him contend,
" Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
" And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

XXV.

" *Earth, Æther, Empyréum* bow,
" When from the brazen Mountain's brow
" The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts on his veſture dipt in blood,
" And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

XXVI.

" Ah! wretched Iſle, once call'd the *great!*
" Ah! wretched Iſle, and wiſe too late!
" The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
" Thy *luxury, corruption, pride,*
" And *freedom* loſt, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee *ſtanding*, o'er thy *ruins* ſhout:

XXVII.

" To ſcourge with *war*, or peace *beſtow*,
" *Was* thine, O fallen! fallen low!
" *'Twas* thine, of jarring thrones to ſtill debates:
" How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
" Wide *waſte*, and *night*, and *horror* frown,
" Where *Empire* flam'd in gold, and balanc'd ſtates."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *inference* from this Hiſtory. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* Nations. How *far* the ſtroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* ſupports our endeavours. The *unconſider'd* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to purſue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *ſea*. Britain's grandeur from her *ſituation*. The *winds*, the *ſeas*, the *conſtellations*, deſcribed. Sir Iſaac Newton's praiſe. Britain compared with *other* States. The Leviathan deſcribed. Britain's ſite, and ancient title to the *ſeas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* deſpiſe *Trade* as mean. *Cenſured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A ſurprizing inſtance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *periſh* by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *ſolicit* down!
Ocean 's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

II.

This Truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe, as Fortunes ſwell:
What is large property?—The *ſign* of good,
Of worth *ſuperior*: if 'tis *leſs*,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the Gods with favours *miſbeſtow'd*.

III.

This council ſuits Britannia's Iſle,
High-fluſh'd with wealth, and Freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the Continent,
Who ſtarve, *at home*, on meager toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſ-ſpent.

IV.

Fell Tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow Genius down,
Lay Virtue waſte! for worth or arts, who ſtrain,
To throw them at a *monſter's* foot?
'Tis *property* ſupports *purſuit*:
Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle,
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouſe, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong: O Muſe! not *thine*,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the ſeas,
Is born for *trade*; to plough her field, the wave;
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt,
Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII. Britain's

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *ſolid* ſpace,
Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the ſea!
And why? for Commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a Prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong *guards*, the waves,
Of *ſervant* winds admiſſion craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

There are her friends; ſoft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caſpian, the broad Baltick boil,
And into life the dead Pacifick ſcourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marſhal'd train:
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtar that quits *this* hemiſphere
Muſt quit the ſkies, to want a Britiſh fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories *burn*,
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons ſet and riſe
The fair-fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging *Dog* that fires the *midnight* ſkies.

XII.

Theſe nations Newton made his own;
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty ſoul did, like a giant, run
To the vaſt volume's *cloſing* ſtar;
Decypher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* ſtrand,
Not *ſuch* the ſea: let Fohé's ancient line
Vaſt *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *ſmall* elephant—
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of life;
He *ſleeps* an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out:
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *ſtorm*.

XV. Th'

XV.

Th' Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The ſeas are ours."—The monarch ſaid—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival, then, to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their diſtance moſt, as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe roſe;
The child of Britain! And ſhall ſhe contend?
It were no leſs than parricide:—
What wonders riſe from out the tide!
Her *High and Mighty* to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and ſcorn to bow
So far beneath the ſtate of *noble* birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themſelves* how low;
The ſons of *Nobles* are the ſons of *earth*.

XX.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's *chief* good, not *glut* on others' toil?
High Commerce from the Gods came down,
With *compaſs*, *chart*, and *ſtarry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *ſmile*.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*
To *trade*.—To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*;
That arm, which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *ſcepters* wait, and *thrones* impatient ſtand.

XXII.

O ſhame to *ſubjects!* firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the *crown!*
Old Time is *poor*: what age boaſts ſuch a fight?
Ye *drones!* adore the man divine—
No; Virtue ſtill as *mean* decline,
Call Ruſſians barbarous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII. He

XXIII.

He too of Judah, great, as wiſe,
With Hiram ſtrove in merchandize;
Monarchs with monarchs ſtruggle for an *oar!*
That Merchant * ſinking to his grave,
A flood of treaſure ſwells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar ſuch a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *ſands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
Thoſe trade in *bleſſing*, theſe in *pain*,
At ſlaughter ſwell, and ſhout, while nations groan:
With purple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
If great to *ſpend*, what, to *ſupply?*
Prieſts pray for bleſſings; Merchants pour them down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* ſoft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are Merchants; take, return,
Luſtre and heat; by *traffick* burn;
The whole Creation is one vaſt Exchange.

XXVII. *Is*

* Vaſt treaſure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death. YOUNG.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What ſay the ſons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, ſwelling in their *cells?*
In *open* life, in *change* of ſcene,
Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, Arts, and *ſolid* Wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, Art's mechanick, Nature's ſtores
Well-weighs; to *ſtarry* Science ſoars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
The ſcites, tongues, intereſts, of the ball:
Who ſtudies Trade, he ſtudies all;
Accompliſh'd Merchants are accompliſh'd Men.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

r invoked. His praiſe. Britain ſhould decline
:r; but boldly aſſert her *trade*. Encouraged
m the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade.
ade's *character*, and ſurprizing *deeds*. Carthage.
lomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miſer's*
aracter. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why*
ligion recommended to the *merchant*. What,
lſe joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the
erchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons
an others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be
urſued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus.
His praiſe. America deſcribed. Worlds ſtill *un-*
known. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second.
His glory *navally* repreſented.

I.

HOW ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul?
How Sloth's laſcivious reign control
y verſe, with unextinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How every breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words, and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *ſpirit* pour, like vernal ſhowers,
My *verſe* ſhall burſt out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III. Though

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from *war*;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *ſtar*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne** a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal ſhowers,
To chear the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The bloom call'd forth ſees azure ſkies diſplay'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious *bees* ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain! her iſle 's an iſle *indeed*,
A *ſpot* too ſmall to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

VII. Trade

* The King's ſpeech.

VII.

Trade 's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all;
Trade 's all herſelf; hers, hers, the ball;
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp! the ſtudent's eaſe!
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his *naval* art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which his Majeſty *firſt* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *ſilver* ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the ſun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth ſhould groan,
Beneath yon load *: *created* ſure, not *made!*
Servant and *rival* of the ſkies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher riſe:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble* Trade.

XI. Where

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

XI.

Where hadſt thou been, if, left at large,
Thoſe ſinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at *pleaſure* on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar
Had ſwung behind the rolling car,
Or *fill'd* it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

XII.

As by *repletion* men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's *doom*;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *ruſt*,
Which, paſſing numerous hands, would *ſhine*;
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *duſt*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can poliſh fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wiſe* man's care;
Call forth her foreſts, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one houſe* of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Hers, every ſun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cauſe.—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's ſmile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleaſure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
Boundleſs in *time* and in *degree*:
Pleaſure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

XVI.

Falſe joy's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the *ſpirits*, and untunes the *frame*:
True joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright *ſerene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the care
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *falſe* coin from *true*; to ſweep the *main*;
The *mighty ſtake* ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt *tie* of *field*, or *fund*:
Commerce gives gold, *Religion* makes it *gain*.

XVIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor*:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to *bleſs*, who couldſt *ſubdue* mankind!

XIX. Rich

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night*; the *ſtars* are thine,
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *beſtow*,
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires ſent down
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Forbiſhers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an *old*.

XXI.

Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An *univerſe!* her rivers, *ſeas!*
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heaven's faireſt birth! and, but for thee, *in vain!*

XXII.

Worlds *ſtill unknown* deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are *due* to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *ſtars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as ſwelling *ſails*,
Conſtant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *maſts*, elate;
Thy *juſtice*, an unerring *helm*
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, ſure *anchor* of her ſtate!

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra. *What* the conſtellations are. Argo. The whale. The dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The moon. *What* the ſea is. *Apoſtrophe* to the Emperor. The Spaniſh armada. How Britain ſhould ſpeak her reſentment. *What* gives power. *What* navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. *Who* maſter of the world. *What* the hiſtory of the world is. The *genealogy* of glory. Miſtakes about it. Peace the merchant's harveſt. *Ships* of *divine* origin. *Merchants* ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage. *Praiſe* the food of glory. Britain's record.

I.

BRITANNIA'S ſtate what bounds confine?
(Of riſing thought O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulphs, oceans, ſet no bound;
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small iſle! For Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* ſhone:
They roſe to *Gods*, in *half* thy ſphere confin'd.

III. *Here,*

III.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth 's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon *ſpangled harp* repeat my lay!
Yon *ſtarry lyre* has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the *planets* round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

The ſkies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror ſhew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in *ſtars*,
And noble *verſe*, that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The *ſkies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
Chiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views*;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours *grateful* luſtre on my lays;
How ſmiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealouſies his ſmile ſubdue;
He fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

* The Dolphin.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To ſee his Britiſh brothers reign
As ſtars below: the Balance, George! from Thine,
Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
More accurate the *night* and *day*;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to ſhine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye *leſſer* lights!
How could the wiſe-man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! you practiſe *ſhameful* arts;
Your own *retain*, *ſeize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the Britiſh Fair.

IX.

This truth I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be *flush'd* at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
"To *ſhare* her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the *main*? Ye Kings renown'd!
Britannia's *centre*, and your *bound*:
Auſtrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening ſun can ſhine,
Parts are for *emperors*; for *her* the *whole*.

XI. Why,

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee *thy* welfare in the *world's*? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill, not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate*.

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill doſt own,
Who reſcued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt, that the *kind* are *brave*;
Ill doſt thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was That to *ſave*.

XIII.

How would'ſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted *inſpiration*'s vain!
Yet what if my *prediction* ſhould prove *true*?
Know'ſt thou the *fatal pair* who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire? *Thine*
As one *rejected*, what, if one *ſubdue*?

XIV.

What *naval* ſcene adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inſpires her *councils*, and records her *power*?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On ſinking thrones, the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt aſſembled ſenates lour.

* The Spaniſh Armada in the Houſe of Lords.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts ſo *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language ſound,
Than *that* which proſtrates human ſouls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
Or *reach* of counſel gives the world a *lord:*
Trade calls *him* forth, and ſets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keeneſt *ſword.*

XVII.

Nay, *her 's* the ſword! For *fleets* have *wings*;
Like lightning fly to *diſtant* kings;
Like Gods deſcend *at once* on trembling ſtates:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To fartheſt confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pinion'd people*, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
And carry *ſable clouds*, and *ſweep*
The land, the deſert, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX. The

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever ſtrike
On bare *outſides*; and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endleſs error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
Trade 's the big *heart*; bright empire, but their *eye*.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To'claſp their *ruin*, fly from *toil*;
That meaneſt product on their ſoil,
Their *people* ſell: one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric 's a glaring Monument:
Mid *citron* foreſts and *pomegranate* groves
(Curſt in a paradiſe!) ſhe pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd, famiſh'd*, tradeleſs native roves:

XXII.

Not ſo thine, China, blooming-wide!
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide*;
Thy *products* would exhauſt both India's mines:
Shut be *that* gate of Trade! Or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful ſong! Her growth * *inſpires* thy lines.

* Coffee.

XXIII.

Britain! To *theſe*, and ſuch as theſe,
The *river* broad, and foaming *ſeas*
Which *ſever* lands to mortals *leſs* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* ſkill or might;
Thoſe ſever'd parts of earth *unite*:
Trade 's the full *pulſe*, that ſends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engroſſing* hand
The various ſtreams of Trade command,
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful Power the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects; and his *Will*, their law.

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From Commerce, Grandeur 's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium*, undeſign'd, on Trade.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
And Power from Wealth; of Power is made
The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd: what 's loſs of blood?
War is the death of Commerce and Increaſe.

XXVII.

Then periſh War!—Deteſted War!
Shalt thou make Gods? light Cæſar's ſtar?
What calls man fool ſo loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-waſting ſtorms, before the genial ſun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's ſummer clear!
His *harveſt!* harveſt *round* the year!
For Peace with laurel every *maſt* be bound;
Each *deck* carouſe, each *flag* ſtream out,
Each *cannon* ſound, each *ſailor* ſhout!
For Peace let every *ſacred ſhip* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ſhips, of birth divine!
An angel drew the firſt *deſign*;
With which the Patriarch Nature's *ruins* brav'd:
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He ſafe o'er foaming billows flew:
The *Gods made* Human race, a *Pilot, ſav'd.*

XXX.

How ſacred too the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame *;
Bright ſhone the *ſword*, but brighter trade gave law;
Merchants in *diſtant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder Stateſmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embaſſadors! and Thrones in awe!

XXXI. 'Tis

* In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXVI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of ſtars; the *births* of climes;
Summer and Winter theirs; theirs *land* and *ſea*,
Theirs are the *ſeaſons*, *months*, and *years*;
And each a different *garland* wears:—
O that my ſong could add Eternity!

XXXII.

Praiſe is the ſacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illuſtrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye *bound?*
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Launch from the Thames, and end among the ſtars.

XXXIII.

If to my *ſubject* roſe my *ſoul*,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
As we the Geeeks of mighty name,
May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her ſtory in the ſkies.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From Pole to Pole! To Britain all belong.

THE

THE MORAL.

The moſt happy ſhould be the moſt virtuous. Of *Eternity*. What Britain's arts ſhould be. *Whence ſlavery*.

I.

BRITAIN! thus bleſt, thy bleſſing know;
Or *bliſs*, in vain! the Gods beſtow;
Its *end* fulfil, *means* cheriſh, *ſource* adore:
Vain *ſwellings* of thy ſoul repreſs;
They moſt may *loſe*, who moſt *poſſeſs*;
Then let bliſs *awe*, and *tremble* at thy ſtore.

II.

Nor be too fond of life *at beſt*,
Her *chearful*, not *enamour'd* gueſt:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay proſpects give;
Proſpects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Perſian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *Eternity!* a ſcene
To fair *adventurers* ſerene!
O! on that *ſea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffick with Gods! What tranſports roll!
What boundleſs *import* to the ſoul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the ſubjects *crown!*

IV. Adore

IV.

Adore the Gods, and plough the ſeas:
Theſe be thy arts, O Britain! theſe.
Let *others* pant for an immenſe *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery God;
The proudeſt *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom laſts;
Which Trade's ſoft ſpurious daughter blaſts;
For what is Tyranny? A monſtrous birth
From Luxury, by bribes careſs'd,
By glowing Power in *ſhades* compreſs'd;
Which *ſtalks* around, and chains the *groaning* earth.

THE CLOSE.

This *ſubject* now firſt ſung. *How* ſung. Preferable to Pindar's ſubjects. How Britain ſhould be ſung by *All*.

I.

THEE, Trade! I *firſt*, who boaſt no ſtore,
Who owe thee nought, *thus* ſnatch from ſhore,
The ſhore of Proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long;
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time, to ſure renown;
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

II. Thou

II.

Thou art the Britons' nobleſt theme,
Why, then, unſung? My *ſimple* aim
To dreſs *plain ſenſe*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not ſport imaginations vain,
But liſt, with yon ethereal train,
The ſhining Muſe, to ſerve the *public good*.

III.

Of *ancient art* and *ancient praiſe*,
The *ſprings* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes ghoſts around me throng,
And think their glory ſung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far ſurpaſt, as *uſeful* cares
Tranſcend diverſion *light* and glory *vain*:
The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throng,
And panting ſteed, to him belong.
The *charioteer's*, not *empire's* golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muſe deſpiſe
That *would* to glowing Ætna riſe
(Such Pindar's breaſt), thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the Gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or ſong, how rare the true *Sublime!*

VI. Now,

VI.

None, *Britiſh-born*, will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Though not with *genius*, with *ſome* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muſe!) the *lay* may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh Maſt,
The Britiſh Maſt, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorm unbroke;
By ſtrength *not hers* ſublime: thus, proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *ſtrain*;
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* Sons of Verſe,
Who *ſing* not actions, but *rehearſe*,
And *fool* the Muſe with *impotent* deſire;
Ye ſacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

" YE Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
" Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
" Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
" Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
" Ye Navies! to the concert bound
" From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
" Britain to Heaven; from Heaven deſcends my ſong.

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